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No 355.

GATHERED HOME TO GOD.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD, Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

- I sat in the lonesome twilight,
 That wrapped the hills about,
 And saw, in the blue above me,
 The stars as they trembled out.
 And I thought of my boys, and wondered,
 As a mother always will,
 If they thought of me in the twilight
 In their camp on the tented hill.
- I said to myself, "The darlings
 Must think of me now, I know!
 Perhaps they are stationed on picket."
 And then I pitied them so!
 "Oh, wind of the South, can you tell me!
 It may be they've been in a fight!"
 And then the swift tears of a mother
 Hid the world and its stars from my sight.
- And then, from the Hills of Heaven,
 I heard a grand, sweet voice,
 As soft as the winds of Eden,
 And it said to me, "Rejoice!
 For the boys you gave to your country
 I have gathered home to me.
 And here, in the peaceful country,
 They wait to welcome thee!"
- I knew there had been a battle,
 And my boys were among the slain.
 Oh, the beautiful boys that I loved so,
 And my heart beat slow with pain.
 But again that voice from Heaven:
 "Oh, mother, forbear thy tears,
 For there is no war nor parting
 In Heaven's eternal years."
- And then I rose up in the twilight,
 And I lifted my soul to God,
 To the land where my boys were waiting
 Till my earthly path was trod.
 And I cried, "Oh, my boys, I will meet you
 By and by, by the great white throne!"
 And there they are waiting for me,
 While I journey on alone.

The Red Cross;

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS. BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER I.

THE DEAD MYSTERY. It was a brilliant morning in the early days of one that three gentlemen were driving in a smart title conveyance along the coast road of Somerset, here it skirts the Bristol Channel on the one hand, nd the great Exmoorwaste on the other. This road was hewnput of the face of a cliff, and

overhung the sea at a giddy hight; beneath, the yel-low sand-bluffs, scantily clothed with sea-grass, spread in the sun; and over the beach, strewn with polished stones, the ocean stepped with white feet, softly, and sent up the sound of its gentle seething swell.

spread in the sun; and over the beach, strewn with polished stones, the ocean stepped with white feet, softly, and sent up the sound of its gentle seething swell.

Running the eye along the irregular coast-line, it is arrested by a bold, rocky promontory running out into the sea, and crowned by an ancient castle, a mass of battlements, curtains, towers and bartizans, and so swept by the harsh sea-winds that not a leaf clothes its crumbling walls.

Indeed, the whole scene was one of unparalleled bleakness and desolation, and, were it not for the few stunted blue-bells waving their slender stalks at the foot of the rough, low wall which guarded the roadway from the precipice, and the purplish tinge which mantled on the distant mountains, one might have believed the spot to be blasted by some great conflagration, or swept by some plague-wind, which forbade vegetation forever.

"Yonder lies your heritage, the castle of Warren-Guilderland," said Mark Gaylure, the gentleman who held the reins, turning to his silent companion, who had been keenly examining the distant towers.

This gentleman was one Herman Berthold, a German, still in the prime of life—that is to say, about forty; in person, he was of medium hight, slight build, his bearing elegant and gracefully self-possessed, his countenance frank and winning, though somewhat too abstracted to give the impression of a man in society; and for the rest, he wore his hair and whiskers in the usual German fashion, and answered those who addressed him with a cool yet very pleasant smile.

The other two gentlemen were the two solicitors who administered to the states of the newly-deceased baron who had named Berthold as his adopted son and heir; their names were, respectively, Mark Gaylure, was an exceedingly dashing person not long on the wrong side of fifty; a very little swaggering in manner, but he knew what set off his handsome figure best; whereas Gryppe, his partner, was of an extremely disagreeable appearance, yet possessed of such unexpected grace of manner that



To human figures were vesible intrough the obscurity. Troy were the lifelies bodies of Ermentude of Recondais and her namoises lover!

The name by which he celebrate in the control of th

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the exact line of relationship was never even implied. Also, the young unknown was possessed of a comfortable fortune, left him, his female guardian assured him, by his mother; consequently, being dependent on no one.

When in course of time he took all the highest honors of the universities, distinguished himself in various scientific lines, and burst upon the world as philosopher, scientist, and archaeologist, the mystery which shrouded his birth was by common consent ignored, and his native land welcomed him as a leader in the resim of thought to be proud all our windows bricked up, our apartment transformed into a prison, and ourselves abandonced in the sent of the contents of the iron as a leader in the resim of thought to be proud all our windows bricked up, our apartment transformed into a prison, and ourselves abandonced in the result of a lingering death by our treacherous host. The card which I affix is our murderer's only expisate the paths he had chosen in which to exercise it having before him the pure and lofty aim of serving his generation according to his ability; regarding all religious creeds as more ecclesiastical policy unoverthy of the enlightened philosopher; and lastly, supremely indifferent to the softer joys of human love and passion, this gifted gentleman had moved through lis forty years of solitary existence like some brilliant but unapproachable star, diffusing with a content of the content of the creating was revented by lighting upon the treasures—fickle and capitious as any coquette, her only reason being that he was allowed the min to stray drawer of the cohinet, and any proachable star, diffusing with a content of the content of the through the circulation of the line that he modern reader, we Tanker the paths have a coepited his side of the murder of the correct from the loss of the content of the correct from the loss of the content of the correct from the land of the correct from the loss of the correct from the leading of the correct from the land of the line that the world

one ray from without to warm its gittlering but imponstable urries.

One from the profit produce has a concuprion who may be provided the content of the favoral that he was indifferent to her favoral that he was the was that the was th

passion that she might make use of me to gratify a baser inclination.

"Here they lie, Ermentrude and Carl Berthold, monuments of my most hellish vengeance, and of the fatal misconception under which I acted.

"In expistion of this terrible crime I have ever since lived in utter solitude, fleeing the face of man and giving myself up to cruel contemplation, and the stings of conscience.

"Feeling death approach I at length entered the presence of my victims for the first time, and not till then did I discover the truth presented in the document written by Herr Berthold, and signed by his own and his wife's names.

till then did I discover the truth presented in the document written by Herr Berthold, and signed by his own and his wife's names.

"Her conduct is vindicated; she died as pure as I had deemed her, ere she betrayed me; her only fault was Love!

"My heart is broken; I die of remorse. Had I known all in time, bitter as was my disappoint ment, I would have found its oure in ministering to the happiness of my beloved; I would have devoted myself to her, her husband and child.

"I have with my own rash hand locked in my face the doors of earthly bliss and heavenly rest. God have mercy on my soul!

"One thing I yet can do—I name thee, Herman Berthold, son of my martyred Ermentrude and her faithful Carl, as my heir. Be thou my son, bear thou my name, do as thou willest with the wealth which I have forgotten for forty years.

"Place me in the family vault, and beside me the bones of those I so foully slew; and in pity of a proud name, keep from the sneering world the knowledge of my crime.

"And as thou hopest for grace when the hour of mortal agony cometh, deny me not thy pardon for the fatal act by which thou wast left fatherless and motherless, and I was left without a hope upon earth except to suffer in atonement.

"Pardon, pardon, pardon, oh, God and man, him who traces these prayers with dying fingers.

"John, Bardon Warren-Guildberkland."

The heir laid down the baron's confession; his immovable counternance was a shed pales with my minimum in my had a pales the minimum and the part of the simple pales of the part of the simple pales of the part of the

The heir laid down the baron's confession; his immovable countenance was a shade paler than when he began; that was all the sign he gave of hu-

man emotion.

He had never had a mother to teach him sensibi-

He had never had a mother to teach him sensibility, nor a father to teach him self-interest; he was wont to look upon the wars of the emotions in a far-off way, as something abstract and out of his province. He was a little surprised now to experience a certain painful constriction about the heart, a certain coldness and misery new to him. However, he did not stop to analyze these sensations, but with the same steady hand took up the envelope written by Carl Berthold, his father, disclosing as he did so the blue velvet of the desk under it, as fresh as the day it was last uncovered to the light. Breaking the seal he drew forth the MS., of which this is the transcription:

of which this is the transcription:

"Carl and Ermentrude Berthold, to whoso may find their remains in the 'white chamber,' in the castle of Warren-Guilderland. Written by mine own hand, Carl Berthold's, during my last hours, and the simple truth, as God liveth.

"I Carl Berthold, of Heidelberg, an orphan, and all alone in the world, was the musical instructor of the young Countess Ermentrude, of Rosendale, daughter of the Arch duke of Rosendale, Berlin

"We had the sweet misfortune to become enamored of each other, and fearing to be torn apart, were married secretly two years ago, as the inclosed marriage-certificate will testify. One person only knows of our union, the good Frau Weber, a widow lady who was my countess' governess, and has ever remained her true friend and confidante. A year ago a son was born to us, during the seclusion of the Countess Ermentrude in her castle on the Rhein; Madam Weber was with her, and to her care our boy was consigned when it became necessary for the countess to return to her father's roof. She had been summoned to accept as her future husthem, or to lose them, or to render them to the Lord in the shape of alms to the poor; the beggars in band been summoned to accept as her future husband the illustrious English Baron of Warren-Guilderland. Not daring to refuse, they were betrothed, the marriage-day fixed, and nothing but ruin stared us in the face. To confess our marriage before the arrival of the countess at her majority, would only have resulted in our separation, she probably being consigned to a convent and I exiled; we were therefore driven to stratagem to escape the ruin which threatened us We arranged an escape from London, where the countess requested her marriage to take place; and succeeded in flying together to the coast. Unwittingly we fied into the very den of the lion; we found ourselves under the walls of the castle of Warren-Guilderland. Here the baron encountered us, having tracked us from London; he assumed a semblance of kindness, and promised that he would neither betray us to the lady s family nor himself come between true lovers. He begged us to rest that night at his castle, in which not a soul but himself remained, as he had discharged all his servants, intending to close it and go abroad once

cypher which lay loose on the golden tray under the lid.

Had the German not been an accomplished cryptographer he would have been at a loss here, but he was an adept at deciphering all kinds of secrewriting, and in a few moments the mysteries of the strong box were revealed to him.

At the very bottom he came upon a curious case of solid gold, in shaper round and flat, most delicate ly chased in a design of pemegranates and their leaves, interspersed with inscriptions in Hebrew. On the lid he saw, traced in gems of the richest brilliancy and purest water, the following legend in ancient Roman lettering: "On me, the toundation, stands the Warren-Guilderland. 1198."

The scholar turned this unique casket about in hands trembling with eagerness. He had recognized the style to be that extent among the Jews when our era was yet in its infancy. He had never before met with its fellow; he believed this to be the only specimen discovered of one of the sacred vessels used in the ancient Jewish temple—one of Solomon's own gorgeous trinkets.

As a relic from antiquity, it was priceless!

Suddenly the lid flew open—he had unwittingly pressed the spring, and he beheld the contents.

A coin of a dull silver hue lay embedded in floss of raw silk, secured to its cushion by a chain of gold strung with diamonds, almost as slender as a thread.

The surface of the coin was defaced by a rudely-

gold strung with diamonds, almost as slender as a thread.

The surface of the coin was defaced by a rudely-scrawled, blood-red figure, this—4.

The new baron gazed at the relic intently. The light was dim in that part of the long hall; he went to one of the windows, wrenched its rusty fastenings open, dashed it up, and bent over the coin once more, the full noonday sun shining upon it.

On the reverse side he saw the pot of manna and the flowering rod of Aaron; under these an inscription, setting forth that this coin was of the coinage of Simon the high priest, which Antiochus had authorized him to issue.

The German suddenly turned pale.

He fixed his eyes wildly upon the 4 marked upon the silver in some acid which had corroded red, like blood; at last he burst into a laugh, half scornful, half shocked.

"Th sta one of the thirty shekels of Judas Iscariot."

"The sis one of the thirty shekels of Judas Iscariot." cried he.

CHAPTER III SCORNING THE CURSE.

CHAPTER III.

SCORNIG THE CURSE.

THERE is a tradition, now almost unknown, which explains Baron Berthold's words.

It is the Legend of the Thirty Shekels as the price of our Lord, when he betrayed him unto his murderers. Overcome with remorse, he brought them back to the priests, and flung them before them. Knowing them to be the price of blood—possibly, after all, of the Messam's blood—they were atraid, and stamped them with the sign of the cross, that all who beheld them afterward might recognize and beware of this blood-money. As the ages passed, the course of these accursed coins was marked by tribulations, orimes, and ruin. Whoever possessed them seemed to be followed by misery and guilt. They were the foundation of briberies, betrayals of trust, treasons, and financial troubles of every description, so that at last no man dared to receive one of these schekels stamped with a cross, except in ignorance—and even then they exerted such an evil influence over the lives and thoughts of those who held them that the devoutest of the day were transformed into sunsters of vice, to the wonder and terror of the world. It was in vain that holy churchmen endeavored to melt them, or to lose them, or to render them to the Lord in the shape of alms to the poor; the beggars would not receive them; they r sisted fire, and inevitably returned to him who had thrown them away, endowed with a power tenfold more malignant than before. About the twelfth century the entire thirty mysteriously disappeared; it was believed by the devout that God had in pity destroyed them when other tribulations seemed about to overwhelm His unhappy world."

The sight of the coin stamped with a 'had instantly recalled their when other tribulations are med about to overwhelm His unhappy world."

a parchment written in monkish Latin, the veritable record he sought.

For the convenience of the modern reader, we present is in the English of 1870.

"ILEGEND OF THE ERD \$\frac{1}{2}\$ SHEKEL.

"In the year of our Lord 1198, one Theofroy, a Briton, renowmed in the Wars of the Crusades, having heard, with sorrow, of the miseries spread abroad through all the world through the circulation of the thirty shekels given to Judas Isearlot as the price of our Lord's blood, resolved to collect the entire sum, and, with fasting and prayer, to learn God's will concerning them, devoutly believing that there was some undiscovered method by which the curse could be removed from the world. Pleased with his piety and faith, God, by a miracle, placed in his hands the thirty shekels, not one missing, and instructed him in a vision whathe was to commit himself, with the treasure in his bosom, to the heaven-lit fires of a volcano, and so would the curse be purged from earth, and his soul be translated to heaven. Lewin, his wife, afferwards canonized for her astonishing virtues, encouraged him to obey the Divine mandate, and herself accompanied him, with an immense concourse of friends, to the foot of Mount Vesuvius, to the mouth of which he ascended alone with his load of accursed coins. He threw himself among the flames, and the company dispersed, praising God. St. Lewin, however, remained at the foot of the mountain in a booth of branches, which she built for herself, and passed her time in holy meditation and communion with the spirit of her departed husband; until God chose to try her faith, and show forth its triumph to all the world by permitting one of the congealed fragments, it broke, and in its heart she found the coin stamped with a cross. Overwhelmed with grief, she sent the fatal news throughout Christendom, imploring the prayers of the faithful. Then all the holy men conferred together, and anon petitioned her that she would keep the indestructible coin in her own family, bequeathing it from generation to generation

and ignorance of an age sunk in darkness by the machinations of the priesthood. This was the baron's opinion.

However, the assertion which concluded the document arrested his attention—that a curse had lain upon Warren-Guilderland eversince the twelfth century.

"That at least I can find proof for, if it is true," said he, returning to the papers in the safe. "There must perforce be in the records of the house some sign of this serpent-trail of misfortune."

There was, proof so striking, so continual, so ever present, and so fearfully relentless, that in half an nour's time the skeptical German was sitting with his head leaning on his hand, drowned in thought.

"It is utterly unaccountable, unless one accepts the theory that a prophecy of evil insures its own fulfillment, by unnerving its victim, so that he invites misfortune through mere want of courage to avert it," mused the philosopher. "I cannot gainay this record, with its astounding assertions, hat ever since the name of Guilderland existed, there has not been wanting in each generation a murderer, a traitor, an insane person, or one pursued by ruthless misfortune; yes, down to this very day, when the old baron lies dead in his desolate castle, worn out with remorse, having, through a fatal mistake, shed the blood of the only being he ever loved! As for myself, the heir, my first introduction to the doomed house is appropriately made with the discovery that both my parents have come to their end by foul play, that their murderer's atomement is to make me his heir, and that a curse pursues my heritage! Positively, I experience a weird emotion creeping over me, a species of fascination, which urges me to accept the heritage in spite of its evil destiny, a growing curiosity to solve the mystery which has deluded the long line of the Warren-Guilderlands, from the twelfth century! Bah! Is my brain softening, that this should move me so? Fables, peurile inventions, or superstitious exaggerations, as baseless as the ghostly romaunts of Germany! And yet, to mys

own case! Thoroughly startled, yet laughing at his outrage ons folly the while, the learned man strode to and fro in the chilly, echoing room for hours, his mind steadily fixed upon the one point, that is, a logical explanation of the evils which befell the family to which he had become heir.

Norris' respectful tap aroused him; it was evening, and he had arrived at no conclusion.

"Leave me!" he cried, irritably; "I cannot be disturbed."

"Leave mod disturbed."
He continued his promenade.
The hours sped on; he rang for candles and continued his march; but for once his splendid Intellect refused to solve the problem for him—the "childish fable" baffled him—he was without a red.

ply to it!
Out of all patience, he at last flung open the safe again, and searched for some clue by which to discover the existence of any surriving family connections of Warren-Guilderland.
He was rewarded by coming upon a document entitled:

titled:
"TABLE OF PEDIGREE FROM 1600 TO 185-" A simple diagram will show the reader at a glance the rival claims to heirship which these descend-ants might have put forth, had the old baron not thrown them all out by adopting a stranger as his

thrown them all out by adopting a stranger as his heirat-law. (See n-xt cotumn.)
Here it is: run the eye downward from Edwy's name along a list of three only sons, direct issue; then follow the line to the left, and you will see how the family multiplied and diverged, Frederick, 19th baron, having a brother John, whose issue fills the right side of the page, while Frederick's stops at the name of the old man who has just died.

Thus it will be seen that the younger branch of the house, obscured effectually by the only issue frequently being females, and consequently changing their names by marriage, presents the only descendants, the children of the elder branch having died out with John, the late baron.

Herman Berthold rose at last from his protracted meditations.

A curious expression rested upon his grave countenance, an incongruous mingling of relief and scorn.

countenance, an incongruous mingling of relief and scorn.

"The path lies temptingly traced before me," he muttered, as he locked the safe for the night. "It will be an insane waste of time; but the wisest of us must commit one piece of folly to prove our humanity. Indeed I don't know that it is a folly to devote one's entire being to the solution of a mystery which has baffied the ages. There are natural causes—there must be! I will prove this. Henceforth Herman Berthold rests not until the world beholds the true cause of the Warren-Guilderlands' evil destiny, and laughs at the fable of the 4 accursed."

21st

Gryppe nodded, and cast a dark look at the

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S SUPREME POWER. BY JOHN GOSSIP.

Once rose a tiny cloud of Hate, Which overcast the gleaming skies, Hiding an angel from mine eyes; And earth and sky were desolate.

A mighty burst which from Above Then rent the cloud and overspread The darksome earth and skies of lead Proclaimed the sov'reignty of Love!

The Hunted Bride:

WEDDED, BUT NOT WON.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER II.

A FORTNIGHT later Lucille returns from the search for work and tells Tina that she has secured places for them both, as servants in two rich families. The one in which she proposes to place Tina is that of the bride, Mrs. Maxwell, about to begin housekeeping. For reasons of her own Lucille will not take service with this bride, a fair young creature of eighteen.

While the girls are discussing the novel idea of becoming servants, Lucille hears a voice in the hall outside, which fills her with intense dread and fear. Whispering to her friend not to betray her hiding-place, she flies to a small closet, motioning Tina to turn the key, who has just time to do this when the door opens, admitting a roughly-dressed man, with cunning, restless eyes, and a face flushed with brandy. He asks for "the other young lady." When assured by Tina that she had gone out he sat down, avowing his purpose to wait for her return. Tina was in agony, for she feared that her friend would smother in the narrow closet. A half-hour of suspense followed, during which the man leered at her, enjoying her evident fright. Then, in desperation, Tina, looking out of the window and seeing two police-officers on the pavement below, made an excuse to see if Lucille was in any of the lower rooms, dashed down stairs and called the officers. The moment their eyes rested on the intruder they recognized an old offender, and, after a fierce struggle, they arrested and took him off.

When Tina finally opened the closet door, Lucille fell senseless at her feet, but was restored, and the next day, after a night of nervous terror, the two girls took the strange step which Lucille had proposed, and began their adventures as dressing-maid and nurse. Barcased

to their usual business in a mood to begin the new regime at cross-purposes with him, on the slightest further provocation.

The undertakers, acting under these gentlemen's instructions, had got up a magnificent funeral, to the quiet amusement of the gently sarcastic philosopher; the neighboring gentry had sent in their names, with a requisition to be permitted to follow the body to its resting place, paying that honor to the rank of the dead which the living had thrust aside so long; and although the chapel (built by the old barons for their own retainers) was but half a mile distant, the whole road for miles was black with the equipages sent to swell the pageant. The funeral sermon was preached by an eminent divine, who made the best of a life that had been half its duration a mystery. The villagers and tenants from the surrounding country-side crowded the churchyard, gaping in admiring wonder at the last of the "queer baron." The German stood erect and stern in the place of the chief mourner, and watched the grave being filled in in a reverie, from which his deferential lawyers had to arouse him to conduct him to the library.

All this time not a relative had reported him or herself.*

The obsequies concluded, and the multitude dispersed, the will was formally read in the presence of Berthold and Norris It named no one but the German, and, in default of his appearance, made no provision for the disposition of the wealth, which would, in that case, have been at the mercy of the unknown relations.

"Almost a pity we succeeded in our search, hey" whispered Gaylure, airily, to Gryppe. "We might have made our fortunes out of the contesting parties."

Gryppe nodded, and cast a dark look at the

CHAPTER III.

The bride, Mrs. Branthope Maxwell, is dressing for a New Year's party, under the care of her new maid, Tina, when Lucille comes to visit Tina. Mr. Maxwell, coming to the door of his wife's dressing-room for the purpose of escorting her to the carriage, sees Lucille, and is disturbed; writes a note on a scrap of paper which he contrives to convey into her hand, telling her that she shall have money and begging her not to make trouble at that late hour.

After he has left with his bride, Lucille confides to her friend that Mr. Maxwell is her cousin—that all his wealth is really her own, and could be claimed by her any hour—but that he prevents her doing this by holding over her head threats to deliver her to a certain person of whom she stands in inexplicable dread. To escape this person, whom she fears has traced her, Lucille tells Tina that she has resolved to leave the country, and sail for England, there to study for the stage. Mr. Maxwell must be made to furnish the money but must not know of her destination. She wants to lose her identity.

CHAPTER III

flowers; but Tina felt all the more certain that Lucille had but lately acquired the art. Who was she?

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER IV.

RETROSPECTIVE.—At Branthope Villa lived Peter Maxwell, its owner, with his niece and adopted daughter, beautiful Margaret Maxwell, who was a young girl as innocent as she was lovely. A young man, Branthope Maxwell, came from England—a cousin, three or four times removed, of Margaret's—claiming kinship with his rich Uncle Peter, and throwing himself upon the latter's bounty. Too selfish to really love his beautiful cousin, he yet made love to her, won her affections, and persuaded her into a secret engagement, knowing that she was the her, won her affections, and persuaded her into a secret engagement, knowing that she was the destined heiress to all her adopted father's money and estates. His uncle sent Branthope to New York to study law, himself falling ill, not long afterward, of a chronic and hopeless disease. Branthope led a gay life in the city, but kept up his pretense of devotion to his confiding cousin.

Meantime, Uncle Peter goes to Cuba for his health, accompanied by Margaret, and remains away a year. Branthope, freed from Margaret, drifts into questionable associations out of which springs the great wrong of the story. Gryppe nodded, and cast a dark look at the German.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Gaylure, softly. "Lies the land in that direction? I should not care to be in our new baron's shoes."

Gryppe only shrugged his shoulder, and drew down the corners of his mouth, sourly.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the baron, breaking in on their aside, calmly, "to-night I leave England, returning, perhaps, not for years."

"Sir!" orled both the partners, aghast.

"To you I consign the interests of my heritage," continued the baron. "See that you act the part of faithful stewards, that I may have cause to commend you upon my return."

"May we inquire where your lordship intends to reside?" faltered Mr. Gaylure.

"I shall trave!," answered the baron; "meantime I desire my possessions to remain exactly as they are. You shall take care of my interests in my absence, but change nothing. Norris accompanies me."

With this he courteously dismissed the subject.

CHAPTER V.

On the return voyage from Cuba, among their fellow-passengers was one who became infatuated by Margaret's beauty and goodness, and who, though taking no steps toward an acquaint-ance, stared at her continually whenever they were near each other, on deck or in the cabin. This person, speaking English and Spanish equally well, affecting the Southern taste in his rich, showy dress, having plenty of Spanish gold and being lavish in its display, was suspected by those around to have some disgraceful secrets in his life. He contrives to meet Margaret on the hotel stairs, while the travelers are resting in an hour afterward had left the castle, carrying with him the iron caskets which contained the bones of his parents, whom he haughtily insisted on placing in the vault of the Rosendales rather than in that of their murderer. His grandfather, the arch-duke, had been dead these twenty years past. arch-duke, had been dead these twenty years past, and his uncle, Ludwig, had succeded to the title. To him Baron Berthold brought his dead, to be solemnly interred with their kin.

As the stately cortege wound out of the castle gates, the two lawyers who stood in the grand portal watching the baron's departure, with one accord, turned and looked into each other's eyes.

"Well?" said Gaylure, jauntily.

"Well?" said Gaylure, jauntily.

"Well?" said Gaylure, jauntily.

"Is this a trap laid to catch us?' murmured Gaylure, arching his handsome eyebrows.

"Yes; but it will catch kim?" returned Gryppe, with a malicious shrug.

"And meantime?" drama.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VI.

Branthope becomes more deeply indebted to Senor Martinique, who flatters him into telling him all his affairs—even to showing poor Margaret's love-letters. After a time the two come to an understanding: Branthope is to do all in his power to induce the girlto whom he is betrothed to marry the senor instead. For this service it is understood that her claims to her uncle's property will be resigned in favor of Branthope, who, not long after his relatives' return to Branthope Villa, takes Senor Martinique down there on a visit, as a friend of his own. During this visit the senor avows his passion to Margaret, assurvisit, as a friend of his own. During this visit the senor avows his passion to Margaret, assur-ing her that her cousin does not love her and has fully consented to his addressing her. She list-ens to him with scorn and unbelief, refuses him with indignation, and, retiring to her uncle's sick-room, refuses to see either gentleman during the remainder of their visit. The confiding, unsuspicious girl is forewarned but not forearmed.

CHAPTER VII. CHAPTER VII.

Driven to desperation by his debts, Branthope stoops to enter into an incredibly infamous plot with the Southerner. Margaret, toward whom he affects renewed devotion, is invited to come to the city for a few days' visit, on the plea that her health must be injured by waiting on the invalid, and that her lover is wild to see her. He assures her that the ladies of the house where he boards will take every care of her, and she comes at his request.

Fond, unsuspicious, trusting, she flies to meet

We here present the charter synopsis of Cor nne Cushman's beautiful story. It is prepared by the authoress herself and gives quite clearly all the leading points up to this present installment. Thus new readers will be able fully to enjoy this charming novel of a fair young woman's most troubled life.] comes at his request.
Fond, unsuspicious, trusting, she flies to meet
her lover, who treats her with every possible attention, taking her to opera and concert and out
to drive, while she is all happiness, unconscious
that he whom she trusts is betraying her and that
she is fluttering, like the moth, into the flame!

Two girls, artificial flower-makers, beautiful and starving, sit in their fireless tenement-room—having lost their employment through the hard times—shivering and despairing.

Lucillé, who has more courage than her little friend Tina, goes out to look for work, and meets on the street a young gentleman whom she addresses as Branthope, who seeks to avoid her, but whom she detains, saying to him, "You make a very good show, Branthope, upon money which does not belong to you. You may feast, but I am starving!" Anxious to break away from the girl, he is about to open his purse, when a carriage passes in which is seated a portly and pompous middle-aged man and a stylish, beautiful young lady who blushes and smiles as she bows, causing Branthope to hurry savagely away from his meaner acquaintance. CHAPTER VIII.

THE Sabbath after her arrival, Branthope, during a long drive in the park, persuades Margaret to consent to their marriage that evening, on the ground that they had been long engaged, and that their uncle would never consent while he lived. After tea, she goes with him to the church, accompanied by a young lady of the house. The minister and sexton are in waiting; the girl, in her agitation, notices nothing very particularly, not even when signing her name to the records; she goes out on Branthope's arm; he places her in the carriage; the young lady bids her good night; her husband springs in after her, closes the door, with an order to the driver, who dashes rapidly off, and the two remain silent for some moments, while they are

smiles as she bows, causing Branthope to hurry savagely away from his meaner acquaintance.

It was dark long before Lucille returned to her waiting friend. She had found no employment, but she had pawned an emerald ring—which she had vowed never to part with—and bought food and coals for a fire for poor Tina, who made the tea and toast while her friend sat wrott in a reverse sedem can call the bright. It was the day of the late baron's interment.

Baron Berthold had remained at the eastle during the week preceding it, having dismissed his solicitors until to-day, when they returned to attend the funeral and open the will.

Attended by no one save Norris the new baron had passed the time mostly in the Muniment Room, studying up the family papers, and in the picture gallery, learning the Warren-Guilderland physiognomy from the endless portraits of its scions hung there.

Considerably non-plused by the reticence of their foreign client, the two solicitors had retired

In vain she appealed to the coachman; he had been bribed; she was indeed lost; only death

been bribed; she was indeed lost; only death could rescue her now.

The senor lowered his bride into the arms of the two sailors who waited, bidding them hold her until he stepped into the boat. The desperate young creature, resolved on death rather than the detested fate in store for her, purposely set her feet on the edge of the small-boat and upset it, throwing herself and the men into the ice-cold water.

In the darkness and cold they failed to rescue her, and she went drifting with the tide—down—down into oblivion.

CHAPTER IX.

"A TERRIBLE accident has happened. Say nothing to anybody but come quickly! I am half mad! Lopez, at the St. Nicholas."

Branthope, receiving this note, hurries to his co-conspirator and hears the news. He is struck with remorse, but is cautious and wily enough to have it go forth to the world that his cousin's elementary was of her own choice. Much symto have it go forth to the world that his cousin's elopement was of her own choice. Much sympathy is felt for the rich gentleman whose young wife has been the victim of so terrible an accident. Senor Martinique offered large sums for the recovery of her body, and waited several days in the hope of securing it. On the seventh day a mutilated body was found, and identified by both the husband and cousin as Margaret's. After attending to its burial, the senor sailed for South America. Branthope went home to break the news to his uncle, who died under the shock, and his property, though willed to Margaret, reverted to Branthope as the nearest relative after her death.

By a career of luxury he now sought to dissipate remorse. CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER X

The wife of the captain of a canal-boat, laid up for the winter close to a harbor dock, had a baby sick in the night, when she was startled by a fall against the cabin door. She opened it to find the drenched figure of a woman, apparently nearly frozen to death. The insensible stranger was taken in and revived.

There was evidently a deep mystery about her; but the humble captain and his good wife did not allow this to interfere with their kindness. The young lady was ill for some time. After they had won her confidence, she told them her history, which they promised to keep a secret. She begged their protection for the present, remaining in the little crowded cabin of the boat and sharing their strange, rough life with her new friends. Margaret, the betrayed bride, was lost but had not perished.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XI.

MARGARET remains in the canal-boat all winter. She does embroidery, which the captain's wife sells for her to the fancy-stores, until, time giving her confidence, Margaret at last ventures out at dusk to dispose of her work. In one of these excursions she is met and recognized by the brutal driver of the carriage which conveyed the senor and his bride from the church to the dock. He speaks to her, threatens her and dogs her to her retreat. She now becomes The Hunted Bride!

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XII.

ONE bright day, about the first of March, as Mr. Branthope Maxwell loitered on the steps of the Astor House, whither he had gone, from his office in Park Row, to take his daily lunch, a rough-looking fellow nudged him, and as he turned angrily to inquire into the cause of the freedom, winked at him and said:

"I was told you would be willin' to tip a five to git hold of this," and he held up a piece of brown paper, folded like a letter, and inscribed, in a most original hand, to J. B. Maxwell, Esq. SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.

scribed, in a most original hand, to J. B. Maxwell, Esq.

"Who sent it? and what is it?"

If Branthope had kept a perfectly clear conscience, he doubtless would have turned on his heel and left the fellow; but never, since that dark night on which he had committed himself to a wicked fraud upon his confiding and helpless cousin, had he been quite at ease. He was sure that she rested where her fading lips would hell no tales, yet he started, often, with a sense of insecurity, as if she were behind him, and about to upbraid him with his falsehood. Now, he saw no possible connection between this ill-looking fellow, holding the yellow scrawl, and that

saw no possible connection between this ill-looking fellow, holding the yellow scrawl, and that event which had culminated so tragically, yet he thought of Margaret—still more, perhaps, of Senor Martinique, and he paused to hear what communication the man might have to make.

"A friend o' mine, Gus Nichols by name, sent it. Fact is, to mention his present address, it's Blackwell's Island, where correspondence ain't easy to maintain; but as I was goin' out as he was comin' in, he slipped me this, at dinner, and told me you'd willin'ly tip me a five to deliver it safely to you, sir."

oly to you, sir."
I don't know any Gus Nichols, and have not "I don't know any Gus Nichols, and have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with any of the visitors at the Island, that I am aware of," said Branthope, with ironical politeness; but even while he was speaking, there was an unpleasant sensation in his throat, and his pulse quickened. "P'r'aps you ain't the same Mr. Maxwell. P'r'aps I'd better advertise in the papers," remarked the other, dryly, turning away with the message in his hand.

"Stop!" said Branthope, flushing, "I will read

message in his hand.

"Stop!" said Branthope, flushing. "I will read the communication, whatever it is, and if it is worth the sum you charge for delivering it, I will pay you the five dollars."

Taking the letter and turning into the hall, to escape notice, he unfolded the crude missive, trembling with excitement.

Written, as it was, with a pencil, on dark paper, he had difficulty in deciphering the brief note, which ran thus:

which ran thus:

Mr. Maxwell,
"Sir—I drove the bride an groom to the bote that "Sir-I drove the bride an groom to the bote that night. As I felt real sorry to heer of her bein drownded, wich I nu wus sooiside, you may gess I was releved to meet her, alive an well, an hansem as ever, not ten days ago, in a sertin part of the citty. I shood a writ to the Sennor, but, unfortnitly, I was sent out here to bord chepe about that time an now if you see fit to akwire useful nolig, you may come out an git an intervoo, or wate till Ime out wich will be too munths; wich will not be proodent on akount of her taking herself of agin Pay the man who brung this five dollars, as I promissed an come out as soon as you can mak it konvinyunt. No more, and under diffikultis not hevin choice of paper. Gus Nichols."

When young Maxwell had deciphered this communication, he thrust the paper in an inner pocket, went out, paid the man the money, dismissing him with a nod, walked over to his office, and was glad, upon entering, to find him-self alone. Everything about him looked differ-ently from what it had when he went out to lunch; the handsome office furniture seemed changed from green to blue; he locked his door, threw himself upon the sofa, and again went through with that very unpleasant and unexshrough with that very unpleasant and unexpected epistle. An immense obstruction had suddenly arisen in that road of prosperity, along which he had been smoothly flying at two-forty speed. He must pull up, to avoid a ruinous collision—but there was the obstacle!—how to get it out of his path, was the question. Good heavens! if Margaret was alive and in the city, he was penniless. His uncle's will bequeathed every dollar to her; and the agreement he had entered into with Senor Martinique to abandon entered into with Senor Martinique to abandon that fortune to him, with the supposition that his uncle would alter his will after the apparent his uncle would alter his will after the applied desertion of his adopted daughter, would, of course, avail him nothing. Not only was he penniless, but in danger of blasting exposures from his cousin's lips. The senor was far away; it

young lady, who had been prepared by a lie, thought all was as it should be; the conspiracy worked as was expected; the victim was secured; and Margaret, staring wildly at the man beside her, was told that she was his beautiful wife, and that he was taking her to the dock, where a small-boat lay in waiting to take them out to the vessel which sailed at midnight for his home in South America.

Any court would give her a legal release. The whole success of the plot against her, as devised by himself and Martinique, depended upon her being taken immediately to a foreign country, where she would have no courage to, nor means of appeal, or where, as the wife of the latter, compelled to live with him, she would learn, by degrees, to be reconciled to her husband. This had been the plan upon which they had so boldly acted.

In yain she appealed to the coachman; he had

degrees, to be reconciled to her husband. This had been the plan upon which they had so boldly acted.

We will not say that, for a few moments, the young man had not felt relief and pleasure at the announcement that his cousin lived; for her death had weighed as heavily upon his conscience as anything could on that mercurial and selfish temperament of his—a temperament so fond of ease and pleasure as to get rid of remorse as soon as might be, as a companion too gloomy for the society in which it found itself.

He had felt some thrill of joy in the midst of his trepidation—but now, as he thought upon the results, all that was lost in vexation and dread of the consequences. To think how many sad moments he had had on her account! of the crape on his hat, worn as much for her as for his uncle! of the tear he had wasted on her supposed grave that day of the lonely burial! truly, it was annoying to have the dead coming back in this style. While, as for allowing a young gentleman to suppose himself heir to a handsome estate, and to regulate his expenses and expectations accordingly, and then come back and snatch it from him, leaving him dependent on his own exertions, was it not simply unbearable! He had no intention of bearing such a catastrophe if he could avert it; his present great uneasiness was caused by the fear that steps might already have been taken by Margaret to render futile any efforts of his own.

Mr. Maxwell was engaged to attend that evening a party at the house of a banker, who had a lovely and every way desirable daughter, to whom he had been paying a devoted attention, which he intended should culminate, that very night, occasion offering, in a proposal of marriage. He had little reason to anticipate a refusal from child or parents.

He went to the gay reunion, danced the lanciers—which was the newest fashionable dance, just coming in that season—delightfully, was as brilliant and handsome as usual, set the young heart of Violet to dancing as lightly as her feet, made her blush and smile at his wi

some inquiries with regard to a passenger whom he had once driven to a vessel about to sail for the south. To such a well-dressed and well-looking young Gothamite the officials were pleased to make themselves useful, and he was allowed a few moments' converstation with the hack-driver.

a few moments' converstation with the hack-driver.

The way in which these two—the rough and the gentleman—played against each other in the little game on hand, would have been amusing to a third person. Gus Nichols had information to sell, and Maxwell was willing to buy, as soon as convinced that the other really had any facts in his possession. Gus refused from the first to say anything, unless well paid, affirming that when he got out of that jug he should have no difficulty in making the senor pay twice as much as his friend, which Branthope thought was quite likely. Maxwell finally wrote and signed a note for five hundred dollars, to be paid the 20th of April, the day the prisoner would be at liberty to claim it. When this was in his possession the hack-driver told about recognizing the lady, disguised in the plain dress of a seamstress, and seemingly living somewhere not very far from the pier at which the suppposed catastrophe had taken place. It was his theory that she had been picked up by some of the sailors, or others, who live along the river, and that she was staying in a canal-boat, called the Sally Ann, laid up at a certain dock for the winter, and inhabited by the family of a canal-boatman.

Branthope returned to the city in a mental state of the deepest gloom. He felt very much injured by the present state of affairs. However, it would not do to sit down and pity himself. He must ascertain, first of all, if that fellow's story had a grain of truth in it. He almost hoped it had not. Gus had given him the street and the lumber-yard as the guide to the Sally Ann. That evening the pretty Violet, receiving so many other calls, looked in vain for the one which alone she longed for. Something stronger than even the claims of society called Mr. Maxwell to a place very different from the illuminthan even the claims of society caned M. Maxwell to a place very different from the illuminated parlors of the banker. Slightly disguised by his thickest overcoat, and a muffler wrapped about the lower part of his face, the elegant Mr. Maxwell hovered about the lumber-yard in a nner well calculated to excite the notice of police. If any stray blue-coat had taken to task he would probably have been much embarrassed in attempting to give a lucid ex-planation of his errand to the yard. However, he was successful in avaiding part. planation of his errand to the yard. However, he was successful in avoiding notice, and gradually, as twilight deepened into a starless evening, he found himself very close to that curious domicil of a thriving family, the Sally Ann. The darkness was such as to make the wanderings of a stranger to the locality rather dangerous to limb and life; but there was a faint light shining from the cabin of the boat, and after a time Branthope worked his way along upon its deck, and with beating heart crawled to a little window, across which the curtain chanced not to be fully drawn. Very cautiously he ventured a first glance. A good-natured little man and a good-natured large woman sat by a tiny stove, a first glance. A good-natured little man and a good-natured large woman sat by a tiny stove, each of them with a baby on their knee, which they petted and played with as they talked about their family affairs. They sat with their faces toward the stove, and away from the win-dow, so that, after the first careful glance, he ow, so that, after the first extertu games, he ventured to press his own face closer to the glass, seeing that they were not likely to detect him until they had changed their position. "That Nichols is a fool," said the young man to himself; "there's nobody here but that vulgar lot. As if Margaret, anyhow, could stop in such a hole! She couldn't stand it three days."

But, what was that?—a shadow. Some one

But what was that?—a shadow. Some one whom he could not see must be sitting on this side the room, by the little table, sewing. The regular movement of the arm, as the thread was regular movement of the arm, as the thread was drawn out after every stitch, appeared in shadow against the opposite side, falling on a curtain which hung before a tier of berths. Pressing still closer to the glass, he peered as far in as possible. In vain. He could see nothing of the invisible seamstress. Presently she made some slight movement which brought the shadow of her head and bust also upon the curtain. There was something in the outline of the head and neck, albeit the shadow was not well defined, which reminded him of Margaret. His pulse beat in his ears; he began to tremble, unnerved by a shadow.

He waited some time, hoping the shadow would give place to the substance, and he should be certain of what he now supposed. But the patient movement of the arm went on, until the pleasant little man arose with a yawn, saying in a loud, hearty tone—"Wal, good woman, I reckon I'll go outside, and give Lucille a chance to turn in."

his cousin's lips. The senor was far away; it would take time to communicate with him. Branthope knew, atthough poor Margaret was too timid and inexperienced to act upon it, that she could appeal to the law for protection from so fraudulent a transaction as her marriage.

berth, the motion of the needle and thread was suspended; the unseen woman who had plied it was rising and laying aside her work to come outside for a few moments while the gentleman of the house retired. To such humble devices to preserve her delicacy, Margaret had come!—it was both sad and ludicrous. He came very near bursting into nervous paroxysms of laughter; but he controlled himself in time, thanking his stars that they were clouded, as he stooped behind a barrel of garbage which had stood by his side, and some one opened the cabin-door and closed it again. Lucille, of course—they had called her so.

closed it again. Lucille, of course—they had called her so.

The woman, whoever she was, began to walk slowly back and forth along the deck. It was very dark, but she, doubtless, was well accustomed to this evening promenade. Branthope, peering from behind the barrel, could scarcely make out the outline of the figure, but he was able to decide that it was tall and slender—her form, her gliding, graceful walk. Never before in his life had he experienced such a fullness of conflicting emotions, crowding his breast to suffocation, as while crouching there, watching the silent shape pass to and fro, all unconscious of his proximity. The ghost of murder which had haunted him passed away; but in its place remained the knowledge of the danger which hung over his own hopes. The relief of finding Margaret alive was certainly great; the dread of losing the fortune which he had usurped was greater. A more hardened wrong-doer might have thought of putting her out of the way, even yet. Branthope was not so bad as that; but he was mean enough and selfish enough to keep what he had, if possible, no matter what the consequences of want or poverty to his cousin. Presently she stopped quite near him, lifted her face to the starless heavens, and sighed:

"What a life for me to lead!" she murmured—her voice!

With the courage of a coward, Branthope

her voice!

With the courage of a coward, Branthope took a sudden resolution. "Margaret!" he whispered, rising and laying his hand on her arm. It must be that she recognized that soft whisper, which once had such power to move her, for she did not scream, although she started, and, shaking off his touch, turned upon him quickly. It was too dark for him to read the expression of scorn, if not hatred, on her face.

"am alone. Don't be afraid," he continued, soothingly. "My dear cousin, you can't tell how glad I am to know that you are alive—that you —did not—escaped drowning," stammering a

giad I am to know that you are alive—that you are alive—that you —did not—escaped drowning," stammering a little over the unpleasant subject.

"Leave me, sir! don't touch me—don't speak to me! It is just like you, Branthope Maxwell, to be playing the spy. What other meanness will come next?" speaking fiercely, but in repressed tones, which did not reach the inmates of the cells.

a few moments' converstation with the hack-driver.

The way in which these two—the rough and the gentleman—played against each other in the little game on hand, would have been amusing to a third purson. Gus Nichols had information to sell, and Maxwell was, willing to buy, as soon as convinced that the other really had any facts in his possession. Gus refused from the first to say anything, unless well paid, affirming that when he got out of that juke he should have no difficulty in making the senor pay twice as much as his friend, which Branthope thought was quite likely. Maxwell finally wrote and signed a note for five hundred dollars, to be paid the 20th of April, the day the prisoner would be at liberty to claim it. When this was in his possession the hack-driver told about recognizing the lady, disguised in the plain dress of a seamstress, and seemingly living somewhere not very far from the pier at which the suppposed catastrophe had been picked up by some of the sailors, or others, who five along the river, and that she was staying in a canal-boat, called the Sally Ann, laid up at a cartain dock for the winter, and inhabited by the family of a canal-boatman.

She remained there, doubtless, for the purpose of concealment, while perfecting some plan for ultimately claiming her property and protecting herself from her persecutors. This last conjecture was Branthope's, who knew, in the guilty depths of his soul, that his cousin had power to ruin him, even as he had injured her. But was breemed the country of the disguissed lady? Yes, he had "grabbed her," pulled her would have followed her on board the boat, but —hem!—unfortunately, at that moment, he was prevented, by circumstances beyond his control.

Branthope returned to the city in a mental state of the deepest gloom. He felt very much injured by the present state of affairs. How—left to the deepest gloom. He felt very much injured by the present state of affairs. How—

so unreasonable."
"You are harsh, Mrs. Martinique." (He used
the term purposely, and if there had been light
he would have seen that it told, in the sudden
shrinking of her attitude.) "If you desire it to
be open war, let it be open war. That suits me

as well."

"And me much better. I can believe in your enmity, but not in your friendship."

"Well, then, what steps do you propose to take to recover the Maxwell estates, at present

in my possession?"
"I will abandon them to you, for a considera-

"What?" he eagerly asked.

That you take it upon yourself to see that Mr.
Martinique never becomes aware of my existence. That you not only do not betray the fact of my being rescued to him, but that you take or my being rescued to him, but that you take every means to prevent his discovering it. That, should he ever return to New York, you immediately give me warning, that I may take care to keep out of his way. That you take care of the hack-driver who revealed my hiding-place to you, seeing that his mouth is stopped, and guarding against his communicating with Mr. Mortinger. They want taking an eath to do Martinique. Upon your taking an oath to do this, I am ready to promise to change my name, conceal my indentity, and never to unpleasantly

cenceal my indentity, and never to unpleasantly remind you of my rights."

"The little fool," thought the young lawyer to himself; "she is easier managed than I thought. Evidently her great dislike of that man overbears every other consideration. She does not know that she has only openly to complain against us, and avow the fraud, to be able to protect herself. Fear has dulled my cousin's usually keen perceptions. Very well—nothing, under the circumstances, could suit me better." Aloud, he said, "But what will you do, cousin? You have no means. Why do you persist in re-You have no means. Why do you persist in re-using wealth and protection, if not romantic

happiness?"

"Leave the choice with me. I shall never live with that man as his wife. You ought to happiness and the shall I ask is peace. Do live with that man as his wife. You ought to know that by this time. All I ask is peace. Do not persecute me. Let me alone. I can earn a

living, I dare say."
"Yes—but such a life for a lady like you, Margaret."
"If I had the wealth of a Rothschild I could not enjoy it now. What is life for me, under

not enjoy it now. What is life for me, under any aspect, but endurance?"

There was a sad, almost wild dreariness and hopelessness in her voice, which touched him deeply, alarmed as he was for his own wel-

fare. "When I have a home of my own, Margaret which I expect to have before many months, why not share it with us? There are few or none in the city who will recognize you, and I can better protect you from the claims of your husband." This he said, because he could not

husband." This he said, because he could not say less, but he felt relieved at her peremptory answer, albeit it was not flattering.
"You are incapable of insult, Branthope, for you do not know when you are guilty of it—but don't make me too angry. Take the Maxwell estate, name, power, and honor—I give it to you—I am done with it. But I warn you, if you allow that man to reach me, something more desperate will occur than has yet happened—and I shall have my affairs in such shape that the story will not fail to reach the world. I threaten you with exposure and disgrace because I know the fear of it will alone hold you in check. Now go your way—I will go mine. When we meet by chance it will be as strangers. If there comes an absolute necessity for your communicating with with exposure and disgrace because I know the fear of it will alone hold you in check. Now go your way—I will go mine. When we meet by chance it will be as strangers. If there comes an absolute necessity for your communicating with me, my name will be Lucille Meriden. When

that fellow comes out of prison, silence him as you best know how."

"But, money—you are in want of some money, Mar—Lucille?"

"No alms from you, sir. If I should be obliged No aims from you, sir. It shouther obtained to call upon you as my banker, you will, doubtless, honor my drafts. Any sum necessary to quiet that hack-driver you must furnish. That is in the contract. And now, take the cath."

She named over the conditions of his remaining in possession of the estate, and he swore to fulfill them.

"The best way to silence Gus Nichols will be

"The best way to silence Gus Nichols will be The best way to shence our riches will be to convince him that he was mistaken in the lady, continued Branthope, as Lucille turned to go in. "At all events, I don't believe he can obtain Martinique's address. On the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, as the state of the bush to be seen a labelle to the state of the s that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, he will be satisfied with plucking me. I shall be sharp enough to manage him. But, Lucille, I would avise you to change your residence before he is loose again. He will prove about here, of course. Why not go to some other city?"

"Perhaps I shall. One thing is certain—the Sally Ann will not be here in April. As soon as the ice breaks up she is off."

"Shall I come to see you again?"

"No."

Well-good-night."

"Well—good-night."

"Good-evening, sir."

Branthope felt very small and mean as he turned away from the motionless figure, so slender, yet so full of power, which, even through the dim night, made its majesty felt.

"Deuced fine girl! got the Branthope pride! expect I ought to have married her," he soliloquized, as, after getting clear of the boat, and the lumber-yard, he walked rapidly away.

(To be continued.)

SONG.

Wind, wind, wandering wind, wind, wind, wandering wind,
Merrily wing you away
Over the breadth of the valley to find
One little porch where the roses are twined,
Where you love to linger and play,
While somebody peeps through the door to see
If somebody else at the gate may be,
And wonders at his delay!
Ah, wind, wandering wind,
Nobody, surely, can call you blind!

Wind, wind, is it not fair,
And bright in its innocent glee,
That little coy face with its witchery rare,
And brown wavy setting of loose-blowing hair,
And eyes as blue as may be?
Ah, you may love it, and kiss it, and pause
To glost on its exquisite beauty, because
I am not at all jealous, you see;
Though you are a sort of a rival, I find
For she loves the caress of the soft-breathing
wind.

Wind, wind, wandering wind,
How often I sigh for your wings,
That never a fetter may trammel or bind!
You can reach her so quickly, and leave me behind
Among work-weary places and things.
But, now that the toll of the day is all done,
I may haste to my love with the fall of the sun,
When only the nightingale sings.
Then fly with full speed to my darling, and
mind To say I am following, wandering wind!

The Silver Lining.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS

"EVERY cloud has its silver lining." But it seemed to Helen Livingstone that there could be none to her sorrow-cloud, it was so dark and

And yet her home was a most luxurious man

And yet her home was a most luxurious mansion, she had everything money could buy, she was yet young, and very beautiful. But there is one sorrow riches cannot avert—death. Two years ago her husband, proud, noble-hearted Edward Livingstone, died. That almost crushed her, but she bore up for the sake of his son—her bright-eyed, golden-haired Eddie.

And now Eddie was gone. And since the day they laid him beside his father, all her energy was gone. All her hopes and interests in life left her, and all day long she lay upon the sofa or sat in a deep lounging-chair in her darkened chamber, scarcely eating food enough to sustain life, refusing to see any friends except her own family, and resisting all entreaties to go out for a breath of air.

And here her sister, Mrs. Maxwell, found her, as she came one bright morning, bringing a breath of Heaven's fresh loveliness into the close, perfumed and heated chamber.

"Corner Helen do come out for a little ride."

perfumed and heated chamber.
"Come, Helen, do come out for a little ride,"
she entreated. "I've brought my own carriage
and ponies, and I'll drive you myself. It is such

and pomes, and I'll drive you myself. It is such a lovely morning! Please, Helen!"

But Helen only turned wearily on her sofa.
"No, no, Sue! How can you ask me?"
"It will do you good, Helen," pleaded Sue.
"I don't want to be done good. I only want to be let alone. I never want to leave this room

until I'm carried out as poor little Eddie was,' moaned Helen.

"And that won't be long, I'm thinking, if your are allowed to go on in this fashion," muttered Sue, under her breath, while she said aloud, using a last argument, "Please come, Helen. We'll drive out to Laurel Hill and take

some flowers to Edward and Eddie."

But still the mourner only sighed, "No, Su no! I send flowers out every day. But I can't

go myself; don't tease me, Sue."

Poor Sue stood still, her bright eyes full of tears, looking at her sister for a little while. Then she turned abruptly, and left the room without another word. And she drove her pretty ponies straight to the house of a dear old

Quaker friend—in two senses—into whose presence she carried her petition.

"Aunt Rachel, do please go and see Helen!" she begged. "I can't do anything with her—none of us can, and if you can't I don't know what will become of her!"

"Thee knows I will do what I can "softly

what will become of her!"

"Thee knows I will do what I can," softly returned Rachel Dalrymple. "Sit thee down here and tell me all about Helen."

And having heard, aunt Rachel donned her dove-colored plumage, and went in Sue's carriage to the mourner's home.

"The servants will not want to admit you, but don't be denied," said Sue, as aunt Rachel cot out.

got out.

The dear old lady nodded, and when the door was opened, she walked in at once.
"I have come to see Helen Livingstone," she

Mrs. Livingstone does not see visitors," ex-

plained the waiter.

"She will see me. I will not trouble thee to go with me," she said, as she continued straight up to Helen's darkened chamber.

Entonion with a soft tan she grossed the

Entering with a soft tap, she crossed the room and took Helen's thin, white hand.

"I have come to see thee, Helen," she said, softly. "But I cannot say I do see thee—thy chamber is too dark, dear."

She walked at once to the window, and drew said the heavy surfains letting in a flood of the heavy curtains, letting in a flood of Oh, the light!" moaned Helen, turning away

We cannot live without the light, my dear, said aunt Rachel, returning to a seat close beside Helen. "Now, Helen," she said, gently, "I am older than thee, and I've been through the deep waters of tribulation. Tell me all thy troubles, and I will help thee if I can."

The gentle words and tones went to Helen's heart, and she burst into a torrent of such tears as she had not shed before since her here avenue.

as she had not shed before since her bereavement Two or three hours aunt Rachel stayed, and continued her tender ministrations, and when she left she had won from Helen a promise that she would no longer nurse her sorrow in selfish loneliness, but go about in the world, and endeavor to do the duties still left to her.

"If thee tries to do right, thee'll find there is

A few months later the winter snow had covered Eddie and his father with a robe of spotless white, and it was near the happy Christmas-

More than one humble home in the great city

More than one humble home in the great city had been brightened by Helen's generous Christmas gifts, and she began to take some pleasure in these pleasant duties.

Some one has beautifully said: "Happiness is a perfume which we cannot sprinkle over others without spilling a few drops on ourselves." And Helen, in seeing how she made others happy, was far happier herself than she had ever hoped to be again.

The day before Christmas she had word of an aged and bedridden relative across the river, on the Jersey side, and she at once went over to see her.

her.
As she stepped upon the ferry-boat to return, she found it very crowded, and with difficulty found a seat next a plain, neat-looking country-woman who had with her a little fellow of five or six years, and Helen's heart thrilled as she looked at the little face with its bright blue eyes and golden hair, for it bore quite a resemblance to the dear face of her lost Eddie.

She could not help speaking to the child, and trying to win it to her, and presently she had him upon her knee.

him upon her knee.

"What is your little boy's name?" she said, addressing the woman.

"Eddie Hamilton," said the stranger, with a sigh, and Helen's heart thrilled again at the fa-

"But he's not my child, he's an orphan," con-

"But he's not my child, he's an orphan," continued the woman.

"Ah?" commented Helen, interested at once.

"No, ma'am, he's not mine. His mother was a widow, and came to Brookville, where I live, a year ago come next March. She was very poor, and she had a little house right next to us, and tried to make her living with her needle. But she made her death, ma'am, that's what she made—and we couldn't bear to see the little chap suffer, and him not a friend in the world, as we knowed of, so we took him, me and my John, and we've kept him ever since."

"Do you still intend to keep him?" asked

Helen.

"We can't, ma'am. We're poor, hardworking folks, and we've got five children of our own. John had a bad fall last week—he can get about the house, but the doctors say he won't be able to work a lick this winter. It don't stand to reason as we could keep an extra Do you still intend to keep him?" asked

won't be able to work a lick this winter. It don't stand to reason as we could keep an extra one, and be just to the rest, does it, ma'am?"

"No, indeed," returned Helen, politely.

"That's what's taking me to the city today," returned the woman. "We hated to do it, me and John did, awful bad, but we didn't see no other way to do, so I'm a-taking him to the Orphan Asylum. Do you think they'll be good to him, ma'am!"

A thought which had struggled in Helen's heart for the last few minutes found expression now.

neart for the last few minutes found expression now.

"I don't know," she said, eagerly. "But I do know some one who would! You say you are poor—I am rich, and I am widowed and childless. I have lately lost my husband and my little Eddie, and I am alone and lonely. Give me your little Eddie, and I will love him, and be good to him, and bring him up as my own child!"

"Are you in earnest, ma'am?" asked the

'Are you in earnest, ma'am?" asked the countrywoman.
"Indeed I am! He looks like my lost Eddie that is what first made me notice him—and it seems to me as if Heaven had sent him to me. He is my Christmas present! Oh, do let me have him!"

"I can't say no, ma'am. I am sure he will have a happy home with you," replied the woman, earnestly.

'Go with me and see!" cried Helen. "Your John would approve, I am sure. Please tell me

John would approve, I am sure. Please tell me your name."

"Reynolds is my name."

"Reynolds is my name."

"Mine is Livingstone. Now, Mrs. Reynolds, you shall go home with me. It is not near the distance it is out to the Orphan Asylum, and you shall see how I will do for little Eddie. Oh, I am so happy to have him!" And as Helen hugged the child to her silken bosom, she did, indeed, feel that he was, in some measure, her lost Eddie, restored.

So when Mrs. Livingstone's elegant carriage met her on the city side of the ferry, she took Mrs. Reynolds and little Eddie to her handsome home. And over a dainty dinner, which Helen ordered, they made all arrangements and plant for little Eddie's transfer to his new mamma.

For Helen proposed to adopt and educate him as her own son, with her own name, taking pride in the thought, that, after all, an Edward Livingstone might bear the name, and wear the wealth and honors of the family.

When Mrs. Reynolds returned home, Helen sent her to the ferry in her carriage again, to save her the long walk.

"Come to see Eddie whenever you like," she

save her the long walk.
"Come to see Eddie whenever you like," she

said, as they parted, for Helen had no false pride about her—she was too true a lady for that—"and I will bring him to see you. I don't want him to forget his first kind benefactors. And here," slipping a tiny roll into Mrs. Reynolds' hands, "is a little Christmas present for John and the children." And when Mrs. Reynolds looked at the "little

new hundred-dollar bill.

And so that Christmas Eve a golden curly head rested on the empty crib pillow in Helen Livingstone's room. And the next morning two little stuffed stockings hung over the table, loaded with Christmas-toys.

While Helen, herself, was so bright and happy, that, when sister Sue and aumt Rachel came in to see the little stranger, of whose arrival Helen had sent them word, they stood astonished at the transformation.

"Thee sees, Helen," said aunt Rachel, "that I was not wrong when I told thee if thee tried to do right thee would be sure to be happy!"

THE MAID OF ORLEANS .- At daybreak on the 30th of May, 1431, a priest entered the cell of a young woman at Rouen, and announced that he was come to prepare her for death. Not that the prisoner was ill—she was young, healthy, and in the full possession of her faculties; the death she was to suffer was a violent one—she was to be hyrrad clive. Burned clive a topo. death sne was to suffer was a violent one—sne was to be burned alive. Burned alive at one-and-twenty! What could the poor wretch have done? She had shivered the power of the English in France; she had roused the French nation from the torpor into which it had been thrown by the stunning blows dealt to it by Henry V. of England. On first hearing the announcement of the priest, Jeanne's firmness gave way; she wept and gave vent to piteous cries, tore her hair, and appealed to "the great Judge" against the cruel wrongs done to her; and by degrees her self-possession returned, and she listened to the ministrations of the priest, received the last the ministrations of the priest, received the last sacrament from him, and announced herself ready to submit to the will of Heaven. At nine o'clock in the morning, she was carried away in the hangman's cart to the market-place In Rouen, where had been already laid the funeral pyre on which the young victim was to be sacrificed. The Bishop of Beauvais, Cardinal Beaufort, and several other prelates, with the English military commanders, were there, and a vast crowd had come out to see the "Maid of Orleans" die. In the center of the market-place, about the spot where now stands a fountain surmounted by a figure of Jeanne Darc, the stake was reared, and figure of Jeanne Darc, the stake was reared, and around it were piled the faggots. Soldiers guarded the place of execution. The ceremonial of death was begun on that beautiful May morning by a sermon; then the sentence pronounced was published, and the signal was given to proclaim the last act of the tragedy. A soldier's staff was broken, and formed into a rough cross, which "the Maid" clasped to her breast. She was then bound to the stake, the faggots were lighted, if e fire leaped up around her; and, after suffering the agony indispensable to death by burning, her spirit returned to God who gave it. The English cardinal watched the whole proceedings with cardinal watched the whole proceedings with unmoved face; and when his victim's life was beyond his reach, he ordered her ashes and bones to be gathered up, and to be cast into the Seine.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 30, 1876.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the Unite tates and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:

er. 17 All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, aculd be addressed to BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK,

A MAGNIFICENT ROMANCE!

In this issue are given the first chapters of

THE RED CROSS;

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland. A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

One of the most powerful, beautiful and brilliant works of fiction since the days of Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew." It is based upon the legend of the pieces of silver with which Judas Iscariat was bribed to betray the Savior. One of them is preserved, in a certain family, to bear down through the generations the taint and curse of

Enormous Wealth and Measureless Woe!

and though hidden away in Warren-Guilderland's most secret repository, it reappears in our own day to do a work of singular ill, wrong and misery, most strangely involving numerous remarkable characters, with incidents so widely distributed as

A TALE OF THREE CONTINENTS.

is a story of marvelous interest, both of persons. plot and circumstance, that literally leads the reader captive with its weird charm and subtle power. Any analysis of a work of its scope and significance were not possible in a mere announce ment. A lengthy notice would be requisite to ad vert to its general or special features.

THE BALEFUL POWER OF THE COIN!

is defied by its new possessor, a young German professor, and in pursuing the hunt for the true heirs of the vast Warren-Guilderland estate, he becomes the chief actor in a most peculiar, eventful and exciting drama, in which Loves, Hates, Fears, Ambitions and Greed, all are ever active elements. But, uppermost in interest, through all the strange narrative, runs the pathos and beauty

Doubly Sweet Love Story!

like sunlight over the heaving waters of a flerce sea, that breaks through and through all, and gives to the otherwise almost painfully interesting chapters a Sense of the Beautiful that is beautiful indeed. And in commending it to the lovers of pure fiction, we are simply anticipating the verdict of every reader in pronouncing it

THE NOVEL OF TEN THOUSAND!

OUR PREMIUM. - As our readers well know we have spoken disparagingly of the "chromos" usually offered as "premiums," and for the good reason that, with few exceptions, they have been coarse colored lithographs, almost wholly destitute of any art value. Such prints-for that is what they are-subserve no purpose but to give their possessors a very wrong impression of what a good chromo is, and certainly add nothing of intrinsic worth to the paper's inducements.

A good picture is a desirable possession, and its dissemination is almost sure to inspire a taste for true art. When we can obtain such a work as the Oleograph (oil chromo) "LOOK AT ME, MAMMA!" -by a well-known artist, and produced only by twelve distinct impressions-we shall regard it both as a pleasure and a privilege to place it within reach of our friends. Those who possess this charming and sweetly-suggestive picture will have something to make home beautiful, in the true sense.

GREAT CAPTAINS.—The new series of papers from Dr. Legrand's pen, "Great Captains," will comprise brilliant brief biographies of noted soldiers and sailors. Like his previous papers, it will be history and biography combined, treating not only of Great Captains but of the great events that added luster to their names. The series will be eminently interesting, and instructive in the best sense; and we are sure will be greatly enjoyed by all intelligent readers.

Sunshine Papers.

The Doctrine of Signs.

As a child I was taught by the parson to believe that the days of direct revelation belonged entirely to a past dispensation. But, as I have grown to years of understanding, with all due reverence for the dear man's teachings, I have been forced to the conclusion that his scriptural theories were too advanced for the age.

been forced to the conclusion that his scriptural theories were too advanced for the age.

This conviction has often come to me as I have received instructions from my friends that enabled me to read the future; as I have been solemnly assured of signs that, "without fail," predicted such and such fulfillments; as I have been warned that such and such an event having come to need in receiving the present to a person such having come to pass in regard to a person, such another event would surely happen. Had I received these warnings from less excellent authority, or gained my instructions from more questionable teachers. I might never have come to doubt my youthful theological views and believe in present direct revelations of coming events. But when wise and laudable matrons, intelligent and educated acquaintances, credited by society at large with an unusual arrount of

heretical thoughts to the public; no, indeed! Far be it from me to set up myself against the authorities on the matter of signs. As I said, I see that the parson and I—in my youth—were all wrong and that the "old dispensation"—"
"of superstition," did I hear some one say! What, superstition in this highly civilized nine-teenth century! Why, my friend, you make me blush for your lack of perception! Let me hear no more of superstition!—has not yet passed away but that to many persons are still given signs and the interpretations thereof.

Already have I learned—and I'm not yet as old as I may be, in case I am not the unfortunate member of our family who is to suffer the effects of the breaking of that nasty mirror—I was rather glad when it smashed: I had allowed it to hang by a rotten cord for some time hoping it would fall, beccuse it always made melook as if I had a crooked face; but my ideas of economy would not allow me, with a clear conscience, to deliberately break it—that it is useless for me to ever dream of matrimony so long as I trip going up-stairs, and that if I should even so far forget myself as to sing before breakfast that I shall surely be undeer the crushing necessity of weeping before night comes. I know that whoever dare raise an umbrella or parasol within doors, will be visited with some sore disappointment, and that for one friend to withdraw a ring from the finger of another is to sever all loving bonds between them forever. I have been warned, with considerable vigor, against "trying on" mourning bomnets, upon the theory that whoever does so will "surely and soon" be obliged to wear one. N. B. Young ladies who are well aware that black is becoming to their complexions, may find a "happy thought" suggested in the above.

One class of signs whereby most important.

One class of signs whereby most important.

and soon" be obliged to wear one. N. B. Young ladies who are well aware that black is becoming to their complexions, may find a "happy thought" suggested in the above.

One class of signs whereby most important communications are conveyed to people, every one should be able to interpret. I think they may be called "personal signs;" and as I have been instructed in the orthodox revelations that they make, I will dutifully enlighten all ignorant mortals that to stub the right toe, while upon a journey, is a signal that a welcome awaits the traveler; but if your left toe should meet with a like accident, and you still continue on your way, it must be with the full consciousness that you are going where you are not wanted. Whoever is afflicted with itching of the feet, may feel confident that they are soon to tread upon strange ground; while the happy mortal who has itching palms, need never fear being penniless, since that malady is a positive evidence of coming money—and, I presume—please do not let any one ever represent me as a malicious and willful misrepresenter of facts—the money always gets there. When the left ear burns, the miserable owner of it may contemplate the horror of having unpleasant things said about him; but if it be the right ear, he may be joyful in the consciousness that some one is speaking well of him; and, alas for the fair maiden who feels a tingling sensation in connection with her nasal appendage, as she is blindly nearing one of three awful posssbillities; "the inevitable," for her, takes the shape of a stranger whom she must meet, or a fool whom she must kiss, or some danger through which she must pass.

Careful housewives should always fly to cake—

careful housewives should always fly to cake-making and inspection of the "preserves." when any sharp instrument falls upon the floor and sticks there, point downward; for such an unusual position is never adopted by pens, pins, forks, needles, etc., save when they are instrumental in notifying the family of approaching visitors; nor does the rooster ever crow upon the front doorstep, save when his lordship is conscious that a guest will soon drive him thence; and dish-cloths, and knives and forks, are only seized with a propensity for dropping when new arrivals will soon be in the house; and a floating stem in the tea, or a big fly buzzing about the room, are sufficient indications of company's coming, when other signs are withheld.

company's coming, when other signs are withheld.

To give a friend a sharp-edged or sharp-pointed article is an unfailing way of putting a summary end to their relations; but a penny tendered in exchange can heal all little differences,
and buy a continuance of the existence of kindly
feelings. The spilling of salt will inevitably result in a terrible row between the unlucky subject and some one; and no amount of natural
good temper, or Christian resolutions, can avert
the unholy bursts of passion; but a pinch of salt
immediately offered as a flery sacrifice will
make all things well. A journey, or a piece of
work, commenced on Friday will end ominously;
while the new moon viewed over the left shoulder is an evil omen, the effects of which no wisdom or righteous deeds can lessen; but to glance
at the new moon over the right shoulder, and
make a wish while turning a bit of silver in the
pocket, insures the fulfillment of the wish.
Horse-shoes nailed over the doors of houses gain
for the families within protection from all evil;
but in case the door should have in the index for the families within protection from all evil; but in case the dog should howl in the night the nearest undertaker may expect a speedy call from one of the owners of that dog, on busi-

Dreams of black horses, or funerals, are sent to warn people that a wedding in the family is near at hand, or that some long-mourned friend is not dead; on the contrary, a dream of a "pale horse," or a wedding, is a notification that the family of that dreamer may as well commence making up black; and, while I think of it, just make a note of the fact that to dream of losing teeth is equally fateful. And, also, the blossoming of a leek or a fruit tree in fall, betokens a death in the family.

There are numerous other signs, which, if There are numerous other signs, which, if their revelation is but interpreted aright, enable us to get quite harrowing conclusions concerning the doom that hangs over us in various ways. But there is a limit to one's endurance; and, really, I'm quite overcome with the sublimity of this doctrine of belief in signs, and my speculations concerning the best kind of mirror to replace that one that had the good grace to break.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

A correspondent in Illinois writes: "I want to get up a club, for I am going to stop so much reading of my paper as there is every week. Nine different families read it, and some others that would like to if it did not get worn out before they can get it."

Fifty readers on one subscription! There is cheap reading for you! Our subscriber must be a charitable soul and much forgiving, to serve so many friends, but he will be fully justified now in politely suggesting that six cents per week cannot be better spent than in buying a JOURNAL for themselves.

RUMMAGING.

Who does not love to rummage, especially in an old attic of some house in the country? There is quite a fascination in running away by yourself, of a dull day, and looking over things which have been put away for future reference, and some things which have had their day, but will be useful never more; yet are endeared by so many pleasant reminiscences and remembrances that we haven't the heart to destroy

sevents. But when wise and laudable matrons, intelligent and educated acquaintances, credited by society at large with an unusual amount of common sense, chosen companions whom we regard as remarkably bright young persons, are all enrolled believers in the doctrine of revelation of the workings of tuturity through the happening of given signs, what can a poor mortal—not any too thoroughly versed in the art of theological refutation—do but let go of the past tenets and adopt the popular theories? Is it for me to set up my old-fashioned ideas, imbibed from the parson, when more modern persons than he tell me that, as I broke a mirror, one of our family will die shortly, or I shall "have bad luck for seven years?"

To be sure I may entertain, privately, the opinion that Providence takes a less dignified method than most persons, with any developed bump of veneration, reverence, or awe, would suppose possible in the revelation of the plans of the All Wise; and I may speculate over the mystery of a revelation concerning what we can not avert; and I may marvel why a combination of quicksilver and glass should meet with more favor as a medium of continuous shown with the sha dad some things which have had their day, but so the desired who wears it, Katie; let the tree."

Was it by the low window, against which the heart to destroy them.

We sit by the low window, against which the family spelling coarse paper and wonderful predictions which the reversions than the tell me that, as I broke a mirror, one of our family will die shortly, or I shall "have bad luck for seven years?"

To be sure I may entertain, privately, the opinion that Providence takes a less dignified method than most persons, with any developed bump of veneration, reverence, or awe, would suppose possible in the revelation of the plans of the All Wise; and I may speculate over the myster of a revelation concerning what we can not averable the reversions the providence takes a less dignified method than most persons, with any developed bump of veneratio

the casket.

Old clothes, old shoes, old stockings, old playthings are here to rummage over. Cannot you imagine that sometimes, in the quiet night, while all are sleeping, that shadowy forms come to this old chamber of past reminiscences and clothe themselves in the old garments they used to wear, set the old clock ticking once again, con the pages of some ancient book, and live over the days of their mortal life, with its hopes and fears, enjoyments and disappointments, loves and hates?

These attics always seem to me should be

loves and hates?

These attics always seem to me should be kept sacred to the memory of the days gone by; the articles they contain do not appear to belong to us, and it looks like sacrilege for us to take them away. I grant you they are old, useless and shabby, but, from association, they are endeared to others, and many would not part with them for five times their weight in gold, and I do not blame them one bit.

The rain has ceased, and my rummage is over. My musings have made me feel better. They have taught me that it is better to love those whom I have left, than wish I had loved them better when I find them gone.

those whom I have lett, when gone. them better when I find them gone. "LOOK AT ME, MAMMA!"

The Child and the Christmas Tree. (See Chromo Supplement.)

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, Christmas morning, very early, little Katie's shining eyes Flew wide open, bright with wonder, expectation

and surprise,
Slyly peeping, shyly glancing round about the
dusky room,
Partly wishing, partly fearing, through the dawn's
uncertain gloom,
To see Santa Claus advancing toward her as she lay

in bed; So she held the blanket ready to tuck under it her

So she held the blanket ready to tuck under it her head;
But she only, at the window, saw the splendid Morning Star,
And she only heard the chanticleers a-crowing near and far.

"Oh, I wonder," softly sighed she, "if really, truly in the night
Santa Claus comed down the chimney when my eyes was shutted tight,
Just as mamma told her Katie that he would if I was good?"
The next moment on the carpet a small figure shivering stood

Mamma looked into the laughing, shining eyes of

her dear girl, Stooped to kiss the rosy cheek and to smooth the Papa shall decide who wears it, Katie; let us light the tree."
In a moment— Oh, the splendor, oh, the wondrous witchery!

Of the tiny tapers burning, of the butterflies' gilt wings,
Of the cornucopias hanging, and the hundred glittering things—
Silver drums that burst with bon-bons, dolly's dolly at her feet.

Tiny tables, tiny bureaus and a tiny work-box neat!

Papa shut the peaping daylight out and let the tapers burn.

While Katie, like the fairies—who to any shape can

turn—
Changed again into a little girl, with bon box and doll. Kindly giving her dear mamma leave to wear the Indian shawl.

To OUR OLD READERS .- If we have done "a nice thing" for our old readers and patrons, is it asking too much to solicit their personal co-operation in introducing the Journal to such of their friends as they think ought to have the paper? If each old reader added but one new reader to the list it would be, to us, a very pleasant Holiday Gift, for which and to abandon it at the eleventh hour upon

Foolscap Papers.

Styles for the Winter of 1876-77 STYLES FOR GIRLS.

For shoes, the girls this winter will wear nothing larger than femme-nines; the hight of the heels will be regulated by the hight of the girl. If the foot is pretty it will be nice to show calico dresses will be worn long-without wash-

Calico dresses will be worn long—without washing, say six months, and the figure of the dress should correspond with the figure of the girl, and the dress should always be made by hand—of the mother. Pockets large enough for twenty-five cents' worth of gum-drops at any time. All ball-dresses should be made according to the size of the bawl you have to make for them. Let your wardrobe be complete, even if your father says he is nearly drobe to war about it. If the times are tight you can save goods by cutting your clothes a little tighter. Basques will be made in the finest styles to please the eye of him who basks in the light of your smile. Pretty faces will be worn this winter when they are procurable. Cardinal red will be the prevailing color for the cheeks, and chewing-gum will be of the shade that best suits the complexion. Stockings should be made of the most exquisite material, and richly embroidered, and be elegantly kept out of sight; the sleeves of them should be full. be the prevailing color for the cheeks, and chewing-gum will be of the shade that best suits the
complexion. Stockings should be made of the
most exquisite material, and richly embrodiered,
and be elegantly kept out of sight; the sleeves
of them should be full. The—the—well, the
edition of the Twitte take more than one whole
edition of the Twitte take more than one whole
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it can be should be full. The—the—well, the
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it can be should be full. The—the—well, the
edition of the Twitte take
it can be should be large on the take the sense. How good a rhyme is fades for
much of a hurry to accept of a lover's suit unless there are lots of money in the pockets. If
jewelry is given you, there should be no hestintion as to the particular style you may wear.
Muffs should be large enough for a couple of
cold hands on one side. It will be the fashion,
or your command the parior, to sit closs to
your developed enough for a couple of
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or your developed enough for a couple of
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cold hands on one side. If will be the fashion,
or your developed enough for a couple of
cold hands on one side. If will be the fashion,
or your are made your age, will always help you to tell the truth when you
are invited to "favor us with a song." Gloves
will be tight—when your lover has hold of your
hand. The expenses of your costume should
never make you think any the less of it. If
come make you think any the less of it. If
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STYLES FOR WOMEN.

Santa Claus comed down the chimney when my eyes was shutted tight,

Just as mamma told her Katie that he would if I was good?'

The next moment on the carpet a small figure shivering stood
In its night-dress, feet like lilies, curly hair about its face,
Bright eyes, growing larger, brighter, as they stared about the place.

"He comes always to the parlor, though the grate's so awful small.

It does puzzle me how ever he can get a tree so tall
Out of such a little chimney; but I guess he brings it wee.

And it grows up, like Jack's bean-stalk, in a night into a tree.

This grave matter settled, Katie, barefoot, slipped into the hall,
Down the stairs, and in the parlor, where the pictures on the wall

Seemed to look at her like phantoms in the dim and growing light,
And she trembled, half with cold, half with terror, till delight

Warmed her to her very toes, for she saw the Christmas Tree

San aw legant chain to prevent the sore throat, and the only article of jewelry which he will be an icicle on the end of his nose, if he wishes to be extravagant. Vallenciennes and Honiton laces keep the cold out excellently, and keep your husband very warm in getting it. The best thing to have this winter is a fine cashmere shawl; so have it. The new red lace which has just been imported is calculated to make a woman transported. An excellent kitchen dress can be made out of one of your old calico dresses without much trouble—of course we mean it is for your hired girl. It will take mild take all to keep his wife warm, and he will have to husband his means for his will be a nicicle on the end of his nose, if he only a fict will be an icicle on the end of his nose, if he only a fict Warmed her to her very toes, for she saw the Christmas Tree

Standing there in all its glory, just as full as it could be.
Day was breaking and more clearly every moment she made out
Golden balls and colored tapers on its branches hung about;
China tea-set, books of stories about fairy-land and elf,
With a lovely, lovely dolly, half as big as Katie's self.

These are all for me!" oried Katie. "Oh, you precious Santa Claus!"
Feet kept dancing, bright eyes glancing, here and there without a peuse.

"Things for mamma, and for papa—but the most of all for me:
That's because I've tried for two munfs to be good as I could be!
Now, hat's this?" cried curious Katie; "I declare! a splendid shaw!!

Must be mamma s; but I guess I'll try it on, if I am small."

So she dragged the costly cashmere to the mirror, and no belle
Dressed for opera had more graces than our tiny demoiselle
With the shawl that served as mantle, then as train, inc, then as train, demoiselle
With the shawl that served as mantle, then as tunic, then as train,
As the eager fancy prompted of the busy little
brain.
At the last it served as hood for the graceful, curly
head,
With the fringe about the face like a gorgeous halo
spread.
"I'm a lady, now," thought Katie; "I must let my
dolly see
How I've growed into a woman and am going to
take tea."
As she turned to show her dolly how she'd grown a
lady tall
There stood mamma, smiling queerly at the fairy
in the shawl.
"Look at me," mammal' cried Katie; "this was on
the Christmas tree,
And I guess it's mine, dear mamma. I'm a lady:
Look at me!"
Mamma looked into the laughing, shining eyes of

Mamma looked into the laughing, shining eyes of

Mamma looked into the laughing, shining eyes of apparel this winter will be without apparel-el.
Washington Whitzehorn,
Emperor of the Emporium of Fashion.

> often disappear at a glance. Have the courage to leave a convivial party at the proper our for doing so, however great the sacrifice; and stay away from one upon the slightest grounds for objection, however great the temptation to go. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much you may admire it. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is better you should be silent. Have the courage to speak to a poor friend in a seedy coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh. The effort is less than many people take it to be, and the act is worthy of a king. Have the courage to admit that you have been

the mind of others, putting a desirable im-

pression in the place of an unfavorable one.

Have the courage to adhere to the first resolu-

tion when you cannot change it for a better,

you bargained for. Difficulties, like thieves,

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "The Faded Leat;" "Vas Bender, etc.;" "Mary's Lamb" in 'Pidgin' English: "A Mistake;" "The Old Mill;" "My Adventure;" "The Last but not Least;" "Mary's Ghostly Guardian;" "A New Way Over the River;" "Jack Rose's Old Engny."

my."

coepted: "After Many Days;" "How He Reset His Face;" "Aunt Patty's Legacy;" "Sweet el;" "Love Triumphant;" "Letters de Ca-;" "The Count's Daughter;" "The Siver k;" "The Crusader's Last Stroke;" "The Black dola;" "The Blind Baroness;" "Iral Green's "" "Who Rode the Black Horse?" "The Traispage."

JUDGE J. B. Back numbers six cents each.—We know nothing of the person named.

GEO. W. C. Address Peck and Snyder, Base-ball Emporium, Nassau street, New York.

Bony. We hope to be able soon to announce a sew serial by the author named. A. B. C. Write to Sabin & Sons, old book dealers, New York. They'll probably have the book.

F. S. D. Compositors do not like the "copy" of the type-writing machines. A. J. P. Examine your Webster's Dictionary and see what Webster is its "author."

Bee what Webster is its "author."

DEAF LYM. We do not think the "feature" desirable enough to give it space and place.

MRS. E. E. K. As a rule long poems are not desirable. Four eight-line verses may be regarded as an average length.

A. F. S. Poem is crude. Can you "bereave" the taste, the sight, the hearing, the feeling? These are the senses. How good a rhyme is fades for mather? You must learn what poetry is not, as well as what it is, before you essay its composition.

E. S. Cicarashes are good for eleaning the teach.

vise you to make peace with him as soon as possible.

E. M. M., Baltimore, writes: "I am in love with two very pretty young ladies. One is an orphan, and immensely wealthy and accomplished, while the other is poor, and has to clerk for a living, but is well educated and of a very confiding nature. She is also very delicate. I am a young man of good circumstances, and need no help from either of the ladies, and wish to settle down, as I have been somewhat wild. Both ladies are of most honorable character, and equally deserving any man's regard. What ought to be my course to pursue?" If you intend marrying as a purely philosophical and business matter, we would advise you to select as your wife the poorer young lady. From the honorable mention you make of her, she will, doubtless, be an excellent, loving and devoted wife; such a one as a man like you may well be glad to win; but if your heart is in any way concerned follow its dictates.

Mrs. Amanda H. writes: "I live far from any

man like you may well be glad to win; but if your heart is in any way concerned follow its dictates.

Mrs. Amanda H. writes: "I live far from any large town, therefore I write to you for a little advice concerning a plan I have thought of with reference to a Christmas gift for my husband. Some years ago, when we moved here, he had a favorite chair of wood and upholstery combined. For a long time it has been banished to the garret, because the rep was worn out and we were too far from any upholsterer's to have it repaired. I have been thinking that I might repair it myself, and surprise him with it in a fandsome new covering at Christmas. How could I get my materials? I want nails with fancy heads, fringe, gimp, and something pretty—but not too expensive—in brown or crimson furniture covering, with a gay stripe. About how much of each will I want, and how much will they cost?" Measure the length and width of all those parts of the chair that are to be upholstered; measure the amount of fringe and the amount of gimp needed, and count the number of nails you will want; then send the measurements and list with a description of color and kind of goods required to any large firm, such as A. T. Stewart's, Arnold and Constable's, Lord and Taylor's, Sloane's, etc., of New York, and they will fill your order and send the package by express. Handsome upholstering, rep or satin, sixty inches wide, comes at from two dollars to two dollars and fifty cents per yard. Elegant stripes may be purchased from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents per yard. The goods must be cut and the stripe sewed in, to go down the center of the back and across the seat of the chair. Fringe costs one dollar a yard, gimp twenty cents, and nails about ten cents a dozen. From four to six dollars will cover all expenses.

Shoery, Plainfield, N. J., asks: "Is it right for a young man to stand at the church door and ask a

SHORTY, Plainfield, N. J., asks: "Is it right for a young man to stand at the church door and ask a young lady for her company home, when he has not escorted her to church!—How should a young man ask to keep company with young man to stand at the church door and ask a young lady for her company home, when he has not escorted her to church!—How should a young man ask to keep company with a young lady? Should he ask her and her folks both, or only the lady!—Will signing a receipt with lead-pencil stand law?" No; unless there are very extenuating circumstances that may be offered in apology for the gentleman's absence. There is nothing more disgusting to well-bred or devout persons than to see a crowd of young men loafing about a church door after service. A lady should not accept as an escort home a gentleman who thinks too little of her society, or cares too little for morality, to be willing to escort her to church.—It is the proper thing to ask the permission of the young lady's parents or guardians that you may pay her attention, though this is too often overlooked in this country. In this case it is not necessary to make any special application to the young lady, herself, until you seek an engagement; as she will soon show you by her manners whether or no she cares to dispense with your attentions.—A lead-pencil signature is good in law.

Gus. Fus., Oakland, Ill, writes: "I was corresponding with a lady friend and after we had written awhile she got mad about something, I don't know what, and wrote me to send her letters back, as a favor, and she would return the compliment. That was all right; but when I sent the letters it seemed to make her more angry. She would not speak to me, did not send back the letters, and told a friend of mine that she did not intend to do so. But lately she has been very pieasant and speaks whenever we meet. What does she mean? If you can tell, please do so." We should say that the lady's actions are illustrations of a woman's caprices. Evidently she liked you, but in a temporary fit of anger requested her letters, thinking to make you feel badly and probably indulge in a little delicious coaxing. That you took her at her word was at first a matter of pique to her, but resulted in her liking you

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

To Borrowers -- Now that you have long enjoyed in the wrong, and you will remove the fact in the reading of the Journal, at the expense of some friend-who has been too good natured to complain over the outside wear and tear and absence of his paper-is not now just the time to become the owner and proprietor of a weekly copy, and thus relieve your friend of what must be an unwelcome

SWEET ISABEL.

(A Ballad.)

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Oh, Isabel, sweet Isabel,
For mercy's sake avert thine eyes;
For, while beneath their tender spell,
I dream I am in paradise;
But, when that blissful spell is o'er,
While from their light afar I dwell,
'Tis sad to feel I am no more
Near heaven and thee, sweet Isabel.
Lyray thee speak not ledy fair.

I pray thee speak not, lady fair,
Or speak not in such melting tones—
That voice with music charms the air
As sweet as that an angel owns;
But, when those sounds so soft and clear
No more for me in absence swell,
I sigh more earthly tones to hear
From lips less rare, sweet Isabel.

In pity, lady, do not smile,
Or smile not with such tender light;
For I am very apt the while
To vision hopes too fondly bright—
To dream of bliss that no'er can be—
Thy feelings own another's spell,
And vain—alas!—my sighs for thee—
Thou'lt ne'er be mine, sweet Isabel.

Nobody's Boy;

THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

A BROAD, sunny stream flowing by in a long curve of dimpled waters; on one side the level bottom-lands running back, clad in springtide beauty; on the other a grove of straight, tall trees; a mile to the north the roofs and spires of a city, rising out of emerald verdure; such are the main features of the scene to which we desire to introduce the reader.

the scene to which we desire to introduce the reader.

On the right of the grove a great boled oak rose from the river-bank, its exposed roots overhanging the waters.

In a nest of these huge roots sat a boy of some fifteen years of age, a ragged, dirty little Arab, but with a shrewd, fearless, independent look, and a sense of recklessness that flashed from his bright gray eves.

with a shrewd, fearless, independent look, and a sense of recklessness that flashed from his bright gray eyes.

He was small for his age, yet graceful, and with a strongly-knit frame, while his face might have been handsome if relieved of its dirt and its present expression of discontent.

He was engaged in the occupation of fishing; a crooked branch, cut from a neighboring willow, serving to sustain his home-made line; while a cork, robbed from some porter-bottle, floated in the focus of his vision. Yet with this primitive tackle he had landed quite a string of fish on the bank behind him, among which curved, snake-like, the flexile body of a large eel.

"Blow them gals!" he grumbled, as a small stone struck the water near his cork; "they'll skeer every scale out of the Maumee; if they don't I'm a monkey. Ain't had a bite this ten minutes, and it's all on 'count of them blasted gals. What sich critters was ever got up for gits me. Jist to torment people, I believe."

The solitoquy of this youthful philosopher was cut short by a handful of pebbles that flashed in the water before him.

"Look here now, this is about played!" he cried, sticking his rod angrily among the roots, and springing to his feet.

As he reached the bank he saw a bay of half a dozen young girls, dressed in holiday attire, who ran laughing from the spot on seeing him, tossing their curls in gay defiance.

"You'd better git!" cried the young savage. "I ain't nobody's angel, to stand this sort of thing, you bet."

A chorus of laughter answered his angry words. Doubly enraged, he stooped with a quick motion, grasped the eel that lay among his fish, and flung it with a sure aim at the group of his tormentors.

Their tune was changed as the slimy monster hurtled past them, and they ran shrieking to the grove, joining a pionic party that rested and diported under its shade.

"Guess I've settled their bacon," said the boy, his face full of cynical enjoyment of their fright. "Best git my eel ag in. That's one thing about gals; they can't stand eel,

Recovering his useful weapon, he coiled himself again in his nest of ro ts and resumed his fishing. e had hardly grasped the rod ere the cork gave one or two slight jerks and then disappeared under

e had hardly grasped the rod ere the cork gave one or two alight jerks and then disappeared under the water.

In an instant he was on his feet, playing his line skillfully, and finally lifting it with a quick, steady motion from the water.

A large perch lay gasping upon the bank, impaled upon the hook. It was the work of a moment to add this accession to his string of fish, which he now placed in a pool of water to keep them fresh.

"Can't see what fun there is in fiirting about that way," he said, glancing at the pleasure party in the grove. "All gals, too, and gals is wuss than pison. Never saw one yit that wasn't afeard of a garter-snake; and they ain't got brains enough to play ball or set snares for rabbit. If I'd been born a gal I'd 'a' drowned myself, ten years ago."

The youthful woman-hater resumed his fishing, landing the scaly tenants of the river at a rate that would have shamed many a well-appointed fisher, though armed with patented rod and line.

"Seems to me I've settled for them nuisances," he said, as a half-hour passed without interruption. "But I've a notion I hear a steamer comin' down-stream. Yes, there's its smoke now," pointing to a fleecy line to the south. "More bother, I s'pose."

In ten minutes more a musical chorus of laugh-

In ten minutes more a musical chorus of laughter and merry voices called his attention in the other direction. He perceived four of the girls in a light, canoe-shaped boat, wich they were awkwardly p ddling, marking every stroke with their

wardly p ddling, marking every stroke with their merriment.

"Well, I'll bo 'tarnally swindled!' he cried, casting down his rod in vexation. "It's a put-up job on me, that's what. And when I came here for a quiet day, too. And, that ain't all. There comes the steamer. It's a chance if it don't rock some of them gals overboard; and I'll be 'spected to jump in and fish them out. But, that ain't my go. I ain't taking none of that. No, sir! Catties and pearch are my game. Not gals.'

His lips closed with an expression of invincible determination as he spoke these words. The boat was now nearly opposite him. One of the girls, a bright-faced, golden-haired little witch, had risen in the bow and was rocking it, to the laughter and affected fright of her companions.

affected fright of her companions.

They were so occupied that they failed to perceive the steamboat, bearing down almost directly upon them—the channel here running close to

shore.

Nor had the officers of the boat perceived the light craft in their path. The thoughtless children were in imminent danger.

The fisher-boy rose to his feet and sprung to the bank of the stream, with an impulse in contradiction to the cynical selfishness of his talk.

"Ahoy there! you thundering coal-eaters!" he cried in shrill tones. "Do you want to run down the gals? Wake up, blow you! and don't be carrying your eyes in your pockets."

The pilot of the boat caught his words and saw the boat at the same instant, his eyes following the direction of the boy's hand.

the boat at the same instant, his eyes following the direction of the boy's hand.

A quick shift of the helm and the steamer's head sheered outward. The girls had now become aware of their danger, and were crouched in the bottom of the cance, with low cries of terror.

The little fairy who had been rocking the boat, however, still stood upright, gazing with parted lips and distended eyes at the approaching peril, either too frightened or too daring to stop.

The next minute the towering steamboat shot swiftly past, not five yards to the left, careening as her passengers rushed to the side to gaze upon the imperiled boat.

There had not been time to step the engines, and

"Serves 'em right,' was his first grumbling uterance.
"S'pose I'll have to go for her,' was his next reark, uttered as if her falling overboard was but need a series of attacks on his recronal comfort."

The latter person broke the news to madame, congratulating her on the escape of her pupils from the companions, together with the captain of the steamer, back to the school.

The latter person broke the news to madame, congratulating her on the escape of her pupils from the captain of the steamer, back to the school.

terance.

"S'pose I'll have to go for her," was his next remark, uttered as if her falling overboard was but one of a series of attacks on his personal comfort.

"Didn't calkerlate I was goin gal-fishin'. Bet some catty runs away with my line."

His actions were more decided than his words gave warrant for. Guiltless of coat or shoes, he flung off his excuse for a hat, and plunged headlong into the stream, swimming toward the struggling girl with as much ease as if this was his native element.

flung off his excuse for a hat, and plunged headlong into the stream, swimming toward the struggling girl with as much ease as if this was his native element.

The eyes of all within view were fixed eagerly
upon his movements, their breaths suspended as
they noticed his rapid advance.

"Keep it up, gal," he called out as he approached "Keep your flippers working. I'll have you
in the twinkle of a cat's eye."

This not very polished address failed to have its
effect. Still struggling, first the head and then the
hands of the child sunk out of sight.

With a rapid movement of his lithe body the boy
too disappeared beneath the water, the waves closing over the throbbing human lives beneath them.

Ten, twenty, thirty seconds, that seemed as
many minutes, passed; then a shout arose from the
steamer as the head of the girl rose above the waters, followed by that of the boy, who bore her upright in his clasping arms.

The steamer had reversed its motion and was
now close above them, its wheels again at rest.

"Hold her firm there!" cried the captain, from
above. "We will have a boat down in a minute."

"You needn't bother yourself," said the boy, defiantly. "You're wide awake enough now, when
there ain't no use. I can swim a mile with this
feather on my back."

He had placed the child on his back as he spoke,

feather on my back."
He had placed the child on his back as he spoke, twining her arms round his neck, and started to swim ashore, heedless of the fact that a boat was

swim asnore, needless of the captain.

"Hold hard there, my lad!" cried the captain.
"You are a brave boy, but that's no reason you should act as if we were your enemies."

"You ain't no friends of mine, nor the gal's either," flung back the boy, as he swam sturdily onward.

either," flung back the boy, as he swam sturdily onward.

"Bring them back," said the captain, sternly.

"The girl must be half-drowned, and what can this little idiot do in bringing her to?"

This command was literally beyed. The men in the boat lifted the boy and his charge, despite his struggles, and landed them safely aboard.

He crouched sullenly down in the boat, and remained silent and morose, while the rowers proceeded to pick up the occupants of the canoe.

They then returned to the steamboat, the boy gaining its deck with the agility of a young athlete, while the children were handed up with the utmost care.

while the children were anneally care.

He was instantly surrounded by a throng of the passengers, who manifested a disposition to itonize him, though he responded in sullen monosyllables to all their questions.

Meanwhile the rescued child had been borne to the ladies' cabin, and efforts were being made to restore her suspended animation, which seemed likely to be successful.

The captain now approached the boy.

danger.

"I would have been doubly gratified," was her austere reply, "if they had obeyed my instructions, and not gone into danger."

"Very true, ma'am," said the gallant captain.
"But, as long as they didn't, we ought to be glad, anyhow, that we didn't have any funerals on our hands."

anyhow, that we didn't have any funerals on our hands."

"I see no occasion to mention such unpleasant circumstances, sir," she replied. "The pupils under my charge are taught to deport themselves in all things as becomes young ladies. We cannot excuse a breach of discipline."

"That's all right, ma'am," said the captain "I suppose you'll put her on bread and water for a week for getting half-drowned. If she'd been whole drowned wouldn't she have caught it! Well, goodday, ma'am; I must go home to see if my young ladies are out of order."

"Have you young lady daughters?" asked madame, interested. "Do you send them to school? How old are they?"

"One, six months; the other, two years," answered the captain, dryly.

"You spoke of young ladies, sir."

"Well, ma'am, I've as good right to call my babies young ladies as you have. Give you goodday," and the captain walked out, grinning as if he fancied he had annihilated the madame.

The dignified lady principal felt her dignity sadly diminished by the curtness of the old water-dog. There was low barometer and squally weather in school for the next few days.

The weight of Madame Lucon's indignation fell on all alike, neither pupil nor teacher escaping.

The rescued child, Minnie Ellis by name, had been put instantly to bed, for fear of some peril to her health.

She appeared in the hall the next morning, looking so provokingly well, that madame seemed to see

th.

a appeared in the hall the next morning, lookso provokingly well, that madame seemed to see
intentional disrespect to herself.

I had intended to forbear speaking to you, Miss
s," she said, "concerning the unpleasant occurse of yesterday, until you had recovered from
effects of your imprudence. I am gratified to
ceive that it was not as serious as it might have
"

"I am very well, I assure you, Madame Lucon,'

aid Minnie.

Her impulsive nature was apt to make her speak
t the wrong time.

"Then, Miss, you will please listen attentively to
ne for a few minutes," said the austere principal.
'Are you not aware of the imperative necessity of
he young ladies in my school obeying the disciplilary rules?"

"Yes, madame," said Minnie, meekly.

"Yes, great as that fault is, it is venial compared with your acting in a manner unbecoming a young lady. Did you for a moment consider what a responsible duty is imposed on me by the absence of your parent? For you to act in the hoydenish manner of girls who are debarred from the superior advantages appertaining to my school, utterly astounds me. I would not have deemed it possible in any young ladies under my charge."

Minnie Ellis lived in the city, being only a day scholar at Madame Lucon's Select School.

This gave her an opportunity of finding and thanking her rescuer which she would not otherwise have had—the boarders at the Young Ladies' Seminary having very little liberty.

Yet she seemed destined to be unsuccessful in her search. For more than a week she had persevered without success.

She found, it is true, some persons who knew Picayune Pete. But the reports of these persons were very discouraging in character.

They were all boys, as Minnie fancied that boys would be the best guide to the boy of her search.

"Picayune Pete!" said one, a half-grown lad who lived near her. "Know him? I guess I do. He wanted to fly my kite once, and he tore it all to bits. Then he made my nose bleed because I didn't like it."

"Do you know where he lives?" asked Minnie in

ike it."
"Do you know where he lives?" asked Minnie, in quaking tone.
"I guess he lives out of doors, all around. I know him because he comes around every once in a while and wins our marbles, and beats us at ball, and licks overy boy that makes a fuss about it."
She next applied to a boy more in Pete's own station.

on.

"Do I know Picayune Pete?" was the surprised joinder. "I rather think so. Pete's a horse, he He can ride better than a jockey, and dive deepthan a muskrat, and he can run and shoot, and I that, like fun. And he's good at all kinds of icks; and can walk on his hands and turn somerts like blazes. He's some, Pete is, if he is stunt-1."

sets like blazes. He's some, Pete is, if he is stunted."

"Can you tell me where he lives?"

"He don't live nowhere, I reckon. Anyhow, he lets on he don't. I never asked him but once, and then he blacked my eye for it. Oh, I tell you Pete's a slatherer."

"Will you tell me where I can find him, or can you find him for me? He saved my life, and I want to thank him."

"What! are you the gal Pete swum ashore with?"

"Yes. He saved me from drowning."

"Now, that's a go. Dunno where he is, though. So there's no use talking."

Her efforts in other quarters proved equally unsuccessful. Plenty of the boys knew Pete, but none knew just where to place that erratic individual.

All had discouraging stories to tell of his pugnacity and other evil habits. He had a way of cuffing and kicking the boys indiscriminately. He was a young rascal, a vagabond, a savage, and twenty other hard names.

Yet Minnie observed that in nearly every case the boys had given Pete the first provocation, and none accused him of stealing, or any other low vice.

Her desire to find him was only augmented by these reports, the missionary spirit being roused in her. She hoped and prayed to herself that she might be able to persuade the boy from his bad, habits.

Meanwhile Pete was about town everywhere, in

its.

Meanwhile Pete was about town everywhere, in the course of every day. He did spend more time in the neighborhood of Madame Lucon's Select School than he had ever done before. Why, he did not explain to anybody, not even to himself. Here Minnie never dreamed of looking for him.

He was found in this locality one day by the boy



STAN I "I asked the boys everywhere, and no one could tell where to find you."

"What is your name, my lad?" he asked.
"Pete," was the boy's sullen answer.
"What else?"

Picayune Pete the boys call me. 'Cause I'm little, I s pose."
"But what is your last name? Where do your parents live?"

"Don't believe I ever had a last name. Never saw any parents. Live in Toledo."

"Well, Ill declare!" ejaculated the captain.

"This is an odd case. You live somewheres; with

some family?"

"You kind of know a good deal about it," said
the boy, insolently, "Don't think it's much of
anybody's affairs. I know one thing; it's hard if
a feller can't have a quiet fishin' without gals dippin' under and all that."

"Do you think the child nearly drowned herself

on purpose to annoy you?"
"I calkerlate it's something of that kind," said the boy. "Never found gals anything but nuithe boy.

"You have acted nobly," said the captain, "in ite of your sourness. We will have to do somespite of your sourness. We will have to do some-thing for you."

Pete had been looking round with an uneasy, restless gaze. He seemed anxious about some-

thing.

Just then a voice near by said:

"The child is all right. She is coming to rap-"The child is all right. She is coming to rapidly."

Something like a smile of pleasure marked the boy's face. It was quickly replaced by a sour look, as if he was ashamed of any soft emotion.

"Didn't ask nobody to do nothing for me," he replied to the captain's remark. "Picayune Pete ain't bad at doin' for hisself. Don't keer about people fussing and slobbering ever me, and all that. Got a bunch of catties and pearch ashore there, and calkerlate I'll go for 'em."

Suiting the action to the word he leaped overboard, with a quick bound, from the steamer's deck, and struck out lustily for the shore.

The people on the steamer looked after him with various emotions, some laughing, some pitying him as a veritable young savage.

as a veritable young savage.

The picnic party had taken the alarm, and were hurrying down to his landing place, eager for in-

formation.

But Pete was in no mood for talking or receiving congratulations. Shaking himself, like a waterdog, he seized his fish, and darted rapidly off across the fields, like a wild beast flying from a circle of

ther passengers rushed to the side to gaze upon the imperiled boat.

There had not been time to step the engines, and the frail cance drifted into the edge of the vortex caused by the rapidly-revolving wheel.

Cries of men and screams of women rose from the steamer's deck, as the child in the bow of the boat was hurled headlong into the water, disappearing beneath the billows rai ed by the wheel.

The boat, with its remaining tenan s, glided on-ward, safely riding the waves. The late merry children were crouched in its bottom, paralyzed by fright.

The engines of the steamer were stopped and reversed as quickly as possible, but she had advanced more than a hundred feet before she could be brought to rest.

Meanwhile the child had risen to the surface, her wide open eyes full of a fearful sense of her danger, and making vague and ill-directed efforts to keep herself from sinking.

A feeling akin to revengeful triumph had risen in the boy's mind on noticing this disaster to his tormentors. He had been trained in strict Arab discipline, "his hand against every man, and every man, and every man, and every man, and every man's hand against every man, and every man and every man and every man, and every man, and every man, and every man and every man and every man, and every man and every man, and every man, and every man and every man, and every from the stinging indignation of Madame Lucon.

The child had nitrel read had been trained in strict Arab discipline, "the had been trained in strict Arab discipline," he had been trained in strict Arab discipline, "the had been trained in strict Arab discipline," the had been trained in strict Arab discipline, "the

"We did not think there was any harm in a little | who had expressed such an opinion of his prowess. at-ride," said Minnie, demurely. "Father often | "I want to see you, Picayune Pete," said the lat-

"We did not think there was any harm in a little boat-ride," said Minnie, demurely. "Father often took me boating."
"I am to think for you," said madame, with a wave of her hand over the assembled class. "You are not expected to know all that appertains to ladylike manners. This is a matter of education, and mine is a most responsible charge, to have the future social position of so many young ladies in my hands."
"But you had not taught us on that point, Madame Lucon," said Minnie, a little deflantly. "We can't become ladies all at once."
"No answer was needed, Miss Ellis," said madame, with redoubled dignity. "And I am surprised at your saying can't, where you have been taught to say cannot. I hope that is no result of contact with the rude boy who took you from the water. It was too bad that you should expose yourself to be handled by so low a creature."
"Low creature, madame" said Minnie, quickly, a red spot appearing in her cheek.
"Your tone is much too pronounced, Miss Ellis," said madame, severely.

"Your tone is much too pronounced, Miss Ellis," said madame, severely.
"He saved my life. And I had been annoying him, too. Excuse me, madame, but I hope you will not speak of him, that way."
"I am sorry for the fact, Miss Ellis, but his behavior on the steamboat stamped him as rude, uneducated and low. I would give him some money, for I suppose that was his object. But I must warn you against any romantic feeling of gratitude for such a creature."

you against any romantic feeling of gratitude for such a creature."

"He saved my life, madame," Minnie repeated,
"I will see that he is found and rewarded for it I charge you to think no more of this boy of the gutters, this low creature that calls himself by the barbarous title of Picayune Pete. If you should see him you are not to recognize him."

"I don't care if he does call himself Picayune Pete!" cried Llinnie, tears starting to her eyes. "He saved my life, and he is a noble boy, and I can't forget him."

"He saved my life, and he is a noble boy, and tear forget him."

"You forget yourselt, Miss Ellis," said the dignified principal. "Your tears and your tone are alike disrespectful. And you have used the word can't again, after my remarks about the use of such words. For this I give you one page of dictionary to learn. You have already been sufficiently punished for your other fault. You can leave the room now, Miss Ellis."

Minnie Ellis needed no second command to leave the room.

ter.
"Want to see me, hey?' said Pete, squatting himself on a horse-block. "Well, divulge then, my rooster; I'm a-listening."
"There's a girl been looking everywheres for you. The one you pulled out of the water."
"A gal, hey?' said Pete. "And I'd like to know what the thunder it's your bizness?"
"Thought I'd tell you, Pete, 'cause she asked me about you."

about you."
"What does the gal want?"
"Wants to thank you, she says. And maybe to pay you. I 'spect the girl's rich."
"Pay me, is it?" said Pete, rising slowly from his

seat.
"I just guessed so."
"Well, you jist tell me who axed you to guess, you thunderin' coon? Who said I was takin' pay for pullin' gals out of the water? If the gal wants me, she'll find me on my beat. Tell her that. And don't you guess any more, or I'll give you what you're a-fishing for."
"I didn't say nothing to make you mad."

"I didn't say nothing to make you mad."
"You did, you possum. Git, now, or I ll bu'st
your eye for you. Won't have no meddlin' in my

Pete advanced with warlike look, and the boy incontinently fled. CHAPTER III.

TRYING TO TAME A YOUNG VAGABOND.

MADAME LUCON'S severity was not transitory. She was in a chronic ill-humor for some weeks after the events of the annual school picnic,
 It might have been dyspepsis, but if it was, the whole school was made to suffer with her. She had discovered in some way that Minnie Ellis was making efforts to find her rescuer. This seemed open contempt of her advice, and she caused the child to feel the weight of her displeasure.

Her severity, however, produced an effect the direct opposite of her intentions. Minnie had been growing discouraged by the result of her inquiries, and was strongly inclined to give up the quest. But there was a vein of obstinacy in her character, and this persecution of her by Madame Lucon, for yielding to her native impulses of gratitude, only strengthened her purpose to find and thank Picayune Pete.

"Isn't she horrid?" she said to one of her confidence "Ingit she horrid?" she said to one of her confidence."

yune Fets.
"Isn't she horrid?" she said to one of her confi-dantes. "Just to think of her telling us to be good and virtuous and grateful; but it isn't good in her eyes to be grateful to a boy with a ragged coat and

But he was such a dirty boy, Minnie; and all in tatters."
"I don't care. I threw stones at his cork, and he jumped overboard and saved my life. I don't be-lieve any of your nice-dressed boys would have done it. And, just to think of the old ogress!"

"Now don't call her that, Minnie."

"I will. That's just what she is. And a tyrant,

"Hush! Simebody may hear you, and report."

"Hush! Somebody may hear you, and report."

"I don't care!" and the little beauty flashed out in anger. "I will find Pete; and I don't mind if he is dirty, and bad, and quarrelsome. And I don't care what Madame Lucon thinks."

She broke angrily from the room, incensed against her lukewarm confidante.

The madame took occasion to chide her that day in class, for some lack of proficiency in her lessons. "I did try hard to study it," said Minnie. "I thought I knew it."

"You are not giving your lessons that attention from which alone proficiency can come," said madame. "You suffer your mind to stray into unwarranted paths."

"No, indeed, madame," cried Minnie. "Aunty can tell you that I do study. And she heard me, too, and said I knew it."

"Which you evidently did not," said the severe teacher. "Ever since you have allowed your mind to dwell on that untidy and disreputable boy the same thing has been occurring. I had hoped you would take my advice."

"I did know it. Indeed I did," answered Minnie, almost in tears. "I answered every word correctly to aunty."

almost in tears. "I answered every word correctly to aunty."

"Is this repetition a species of rebellion, Miss Ellis!" said the austere madame. "You will take your seat and properly study that lesson. I shall be the judge as to whether you have a correct knowledge of it or not."

Minnie retired, biting her lip to repress the sharp words that rose in her mind, and striving as strongly to restrain the tears that moistened her eyes.

She was unable to study, and was sent home that afternoon with a cypher for the day's record of progress.

But she was more than ever determined to find

But she was more than ever determined to find Pete.

For several days more her explorations continued, being confined to that brief space between school dismissal and supper-time.

Toledo was then a small place, of only a few thousand inhabitants, but the erratic boy seemed purposely to avoid her.

It was during the afternoon of a Saturday, when the weekly holiday freed her from school, and her aunt's permission started her on an expedition to the woods in search of Mayflowers, that she at length came upon the object of her quest.

He was stretched flat on his back on a green, woodland knoll, playing with a little cur of a dog as unpolished and independent-looking as himself.

"I have been so wanting to see you," she cried, running up to him with a burst of childish confidence, "and to thank you again and again for saving me from drowning."

Pete honcred this impulsive speech by rising on

dence, "and to thank you again and again for saving me from drowning."

Pete honored this impulsive speech by rising on one elbow, while the cur sat on his haunches and looked her doubtfully in the face.

"You've been wantin' that, hey?" he asked.

"You know you were ever so kind," she said, "and I could not be easy till I thanked you."

"Oh, you couldn't be easy," said Pete, sarcastically, "and it's jist three weeks yisterday. You must been as uneasy as all blazes."

"But I could not find you," she continued, bending over him in her eagerness. "I asked the boys everywhere, and no one could tell me where to find you!"

you!"
"Oh! you axed the boys?" said Pete, with redoubled sarcasm; "and you told that gutter-snipe,
Billy Devine, that you was a rich gal, and you was
a-goin' to pay me for jerkin' you out of the Maumee."

mee."
"I am not rich," she replied, with a shade of disappointment in her tone; "and I did not tell him so. But Madame Lucon will see that you are re-

warded."
"Who's she?" asked Pete, rising to a sitting pos-The dog became more erect, and looked up with a severe expression into Minnie's face.

"She's our teacher, you know. She keeps the Select School for Young Ladies, where I go to school."

School."

Minnie's tone was slightly satirical.

'Oh, that's what she is, hey? Well, jist tell your teacher with the High Dutch name that Piczyune Pete ain't on the make. She kin keep her money to buy sour-krout. When I pulls cattles out of the water I'll take tin for 'em. But when I fish out galls hey ain't rur sale. How's that, Nicodemus?' The she water I'll take tin for 'em. But when I fish out galls hey ain't rur sale. How's that, Nicodemus?' The water is a say a sharp bark that made Minnie start back in is say a sharp bark that made Minnie start back in is say a sharp bark that made Minnie start back in is say a sharp bark that made Minnie start back in is say a sharp bark that made Minnie start back in say a sharp bark that made Minnie start wouldn't hurt you fur a bushel of peanuts. He's been brung up yious and respectable and he knows wouldn't hurt you for a sure you sharp wormed me into Sunday-school. Never got sold that way but once, you bet."

"I'd dunno. Picked it up one Sunday they wormed me into Sunday-school. Never got sold that way but once, you bet."

"Oh, Petel" cried the horrified child. "You do not know how good a place Sunday-school is, I am sure, or you would not talk so. You should go. Indeed you should."

"But those are not your Sunday clothes?" she asked, doubtfully.

"They ain't, hey? I'd like to know where t'other once are!" said Pete.

He had now risen, with a growing sense of politieness, and was leaning lazily against a tree.

"But will not your father or mother find you better clothes than those?" she saked, a disdain of his dress equal to his own involuntarily showing itself on her face.

"We water had no father nor mother, as I knows on, 'said Pete; 'and old Meg, as I live with, would see me blowed fust."

"Oh, dear, that's too bad!" said Minnie, in startled pity. "No one to care for you. And always living among bad people, and learning nothing good. I am so sorry for you."

"What fur, I'd like to know?" asked Pete, sturdity. "I'd like to good a subject of the wind was a sould b

She stood stupefied with surprise at the result of her missionary effort. The thought had lurked somewhere, deep within her mind, that if she could but find Pete she might be enabled to make a good

but hid Pere she might be changed to make a good boy of him

The signal failure of her attempt pained and discouraged her.

She walked homeward utterly disheartened. She had met a class of mind that had nothing like it in her limited experience, and she looked upon Pete as a being of a new, and not very enticing species.

She had evidently taken the wrong course with him. All his life men had been driving and berating him. He had grown shrewd and suspicious. He could not be cured of his faults by being told of them.

ing him. He had grown shrewd and suspicious. He could not be cured of his faults by being told of them.

Minnie walked home much debating with herself, yet determined not to give up her effort to aid Pete, and to try and make a better boy of him She was wise enough to feel instinctively that she had somehow tried a wrong method with him Meanwhile Pete went surily homeward, angry with himself, and angry with his new acquaintance. He felt that he had acted very rudely She had only asked to thank him, and expressed interest in him. He had behaved worse than his dog would have done to the petting hand of a stranger. But then, she had aggravated him. She was a gal, anyhow, and he wanted nothing to do with gals.

So ran the current of thought in Pete's mind. The strange point in it was that his ordinary manner now struck him as rudeness. Minnie Ellis, "On entering the city he perceived two persons in the street before him. They were busily conversing and did not notice his approach.

He honored them with as little notice, and was just behind them, walking at a speed that would soon take him past them, when he was struck by hearing one of them pronounce the name then most prominent in his nind—"Minnie Ellis,"

A slight exclamation, masked by an affected cough, evinced his surprise.

One of the men looked sharply round. Pete caught a rlimpse of a face known to him, a face with a sinister history in his mind.

The boy passed on with affected indifference, making a partial effort to catch the other face; but it was turned away from him.

The men suppressed their conversation while he was within hearing, a fact significant to his mind, trained as he had been in suspicion.

JUST AN EVERYDAY AFFAIR.

BY MARO O. ROLFE.

it's a good long sixteen years now, if I remember right, fince I fust made the 'quaintance Of Deacon Bildad White.
I'd jest moved in this kentry An' settled on this land—
He was the fust old settler
To take me by the hand.

He owned the farm adj'inin',
An' had it cleared up good,
While mine was half a quagmire
And t'other half a wood;
And he had things forehanded
As any hereabout—
His farm was payin' han'some,
An' he had money out.

We wasn't a big fam'ly—
But jest myself an' mother
'N' a pair o' han'some young ones,
A sister and a brother—
And when we'd built our cabin,
An' cleared a patch o' ground,
We lived about as scrumptious
As any fam'ly round.

To be sure we wasn't gorgeous
An' we didn't put on style—
For we hadn't gone to Congress
Nor struck a stream of ile—
But in winter we had pancakes
Piled up in steamin' stacks,
An' we didn't go a-shiverin'
"Thout enough to hide our backs.

Huldah always help'd her mother
With the work about the house,
An'she tripped about the kitchen
As quiet as a mouse;
And when I'd come in at even,
Arter workin' myself lame,
She'd meet me at the turnstile,
An'kiss me as I came.

And in the summer weather
It never was too warm
For Sam to toddle arter me
Around about the farm;
An' he acted gay and chipper
And prattled pert and blithe,
While he lugged around the whetstone
With which I edged my scythe.

So we lived along quite happy,
While the years went passin' by,
An' our farmin' was as thorough
As any farmer's nigh;
And the good Lord blessed my labor
With an av'rage crop each fall,
And though I'd used my muscle,
I thanked the Lord fer all.

We had cleared full fifty acres,
An' pulled out all the stumps,
An' we'd drawed off all the stones
An' meliered all the lumps,
Besides a-buildin' lots o' fences
An' puttin' things to rights;
And our farm was 'bout as fertile
As our neighbor Deacon White's.

An' the youngters was a-growin'
To frighten ail creation,
An' we tried as well as able
To give 'em eddication.
I wasn't any scholar much,
An' couldn't shove a pen;
But Sam was good at figgers
Before the age of ten.

An' we used to git quite fearful, When the night was growin' late, Lest the cub 'u'd ram his pencil Through the middle of his slate; For he sot an' scowled an' ciphered, Without givin' us a look, 'Cept jest to smile occasionally As he shuffled through his book.

By-and-by our neighbor Brady—Him that married Susan Bell—Got a tech o' Western fever, An' his farm was bound to sell; And the offer was so lib'ral.
That he made to me one day, That I couldn't help a-wishin' I could take him up some way.

I kept thinkin' of the bargain,
An' I dreamed of it all night;
But I couldn't see it clearly
Till 'long come Deacou WhiteAn' he said he had some money,
That at present wasn't lent,
And he could let me have it
For about fifteen per cent.

I could jest give him a mor gage
On the two farms side by side
To secure him for the money,
If it happened so I died;
He wasn't afraid o' losin' it
If I lived an' had my health;
For I'd begun to lay up money
An' was sure to rise to wealth.

It was jest a formal matter That didn't amount to much;

When I got the upper hand.

I couldn't bring myself to do it—
Thought the rate was pretty high,
An'the times was gittin harder—
But the d-acon lived close by,
And he said he d grant extensions If I couldn't come to time— As long as I paid the enterest He didn't care a dime.

So I talked the matter over
With the children an' my wife,
And we come to the conclusion
We was gittin' along in life,
An' the youngsters was advancin'
To an age to settle down,
And would want a little clearin'
That they each could call their own.

So we elected to go into
The arrangement White proposed:
And with considerable promptness
The bargain it was closed,
And we rigged out all the papers
An' signed 'em afore the Square—
And Bad Luck clim'ed the gable
Of our house—and roosted there!

The times kept on a-growin' harder,
An' the crops a-growin' light—
And we worked like galley felons
From the sun till late at night;
But we didn't seem to prosper
Spite of all that we could do,
An' the fear kept growin' stronger
That we wouldn't weather through.

You know how rapid Time will travel And the hours just flicker by,
Seemin' only like mere shadows
When a man is doomed to die!
And trouble 's quicker comin'
Than pleasure any time—
An' when the day for payin' come
I couldn't pay a dime!

I went twice to see the deacon, But he was gone from home-And I couldn't go a third time, Because more trouble come, Sam come down one night with fever, And grew weaker every day, Till God relieved his sufferings, By takin' his life away!

He didn't know his mother
For a week before he died—
And he raved about the mor gage
Till I hid my face and cried!
And when we tried to soothe him,
And convince him all was right,
He'd stare and shriek and mumble:
"Money, God and Deacon White!"

So we laid him down to slumber.

'Neath the pine-tree on the hill,
Prayin' God to give us patience
To submit unto His will;
And we slept that night in sadness
And woke to added sorrow,
For a bolt of cruel trouble
Broke o'er us on the morrow.

Deacon White came over early—
He said he wished to talk
About a little business,
An invited me to walk
With him across the meadow,
And by the running brook
Which bubbles through the valley
With many a cur us crook.

He spoke about the weather,
And then of Sammy s death,
Then he hard and hesitated,
As if he lacked for breath,
An' he only paused a moment,
With his hand laid on my arm,
Then said the times obliged him
To foreclose on my farm.

You won't b' lieve me if I tell you I plead with him in vain, An' how he smiled unpleasantly, Not heedin' all my pain!
And I wouldn't /r// to tell you How I broke it to my wife That we should soon be homeless, To begin ag

The place was sold last Thursday—Bid in by Bildad White,
Who made clear by the robbern
Four thousand dollars quite!
So we are goin Monday—
We're tryin' to be brave—
There's only one more Sabbath
To spend near Sammy's grave!

If there's a God in heaven
Who pities all the poor,
I'm sure he has some charges
Against this evil-doer,
And the deacon 'll have to answer
For breakin' his commands
Ag'in' the sin of usuru. Ag'in' the sin of usur".
With which he's stained his hands

SURE-SHOT SETH, The Boy Rifleman:

THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES, author of "idaho tom," "red rob," "da-kota dan," "old dan rackback," etc.

[The following summary of the chapters of this most spirited and enjoyable WILDWOOD ROMANCE, by this favorite writer, is so complete that readers, commencing with No. 855, will not find it necessary to order back numbers to get the "clues" to the story. Back numbers always supplied, where complete stories are wanted.]

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER I.

An August night, in 1862, near the Yellowstone Agency on the Upper Minnesota river. A youth glides through the gloom to a rendezvous in the forest. Secreted in a hollow log he overhears a diabolical plot between a white "agent" and the Sioux chiefs, to rise and massacre the settlers along the north-west border. Fearing detection, they resolve to go to an island in the river, where they can arrange details, without danger of any one overhearing. The youth in the log crawls forth and starts for the river. He gets there before the conspirators, to find a red brave waiting there, with a canoe. This daring youth and spy is Sure Shot Seth, chief of the Boy Brigade of young hunters and trappers, who, for a year or more, have been having great sport and making considerable money by taking peltries and game. peltries and game.

CHAPTER II.

SURE SHOT SETH steals upon the waiting war-SURE SHOT SETH steals upon the waiting warrior, and by an adroit movement hits him, with
a stone, in the head. The body drops in the
river, and floats away. Seth takes his seat in
the cance—the blue and red blanket over his
head making the disguise, in the semi-darkness,
perfect. He ferries the three chiefs and the
white agent over to the island, and overhears
all. When the four-plotters are ready to return,
the cance is half-way across the stream, and a
mocking peal of laughter tells the chiefs how
they have been fooled.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

SETH is arrested, mid-stream, by the appearance of a savage's head over the side of the canoe. It is the Sioux whom he knocked over and supposed he had killed. The brave capsizes the canoe and then the two have a dreadful trissle in the water. The savage had no weapons, and Seth lost his, so they merely fought to choke or drown one another. Seth's companions appear on the shore; he gives the signal, and the boy called "The Beaver"—a very beaver to swim—plunges in, to the rescue. The Sioux, at this, draws Seth over to the further shore, where, under the overhanging bank, the fight goes on. Several savages appear on the bank, and the Beaver beholds one stalwart warrior drop down in the water to aid his red-skin broand the Beaver beholds one stalwart warrior drop down in the water to aid his red-skin brother. Then all is still for a moment. Soon came an awful cry of human agony, and as the Beaver floated away a form sprung up the bank, holding aloft a human scalp and giving a triumphant war-whoop. Was Sure Shot Seth the victim?

CHAPTER IV.

THE beaver thought so, and imparted the sad news to the other boys. They had no time for parley; the savages were upon them. Pursuing their usual tactics when in danger, they scattertheir usual tactics when in danger, they scattered—each one to care for himself, but to come together again at the signal call—the bark of a fox. This, to their amazement, they heard. Was it possible that Seth himself had given it? It was answered rapidly by the other boys, each one of whom had a peculiar ery or call. The boys, re-united, found Seth with them again! He explained: the savage, who dropped down off the bank, had knifed and scalped Seth's redskin foe. Seth had floated away down-stream. off the bank, had knifed and scalped Seth's 'edskin foe. Seth had floated away down-stream, unseen. In the Brigade Justin Gray was "the Beaver," Teddy O'Roop was "Whippowil." Baldwin Judd was "Fox," Tim Tricks was "Black Pan," Hooseah, the young Chippewa Indian, was "Wolf," a German boy was "Owl," etc., etc. Re-united, they made their way to their strong forest cabin home. There they were having a real musical jubilee, when a savage dropped down from above, right in their midst! Then another, and another, until six powerful Sioux confronted them, knives and tomahawks in hand!

CHAPTER V

An awful battle in the hut. The Boy Brigade kill the six savages, but a horde of Indians from without burst in the door. Sure Shot Seth shoots out the candle; then the boys shoot in the dark, and escape through the next room to the outside, and make for the woods. After much danger at signal all come teacher racing much danger, at signal all come together again, but Hooseah, the boy brave—he is gone! Had he deserted to the enemy? He had been placed on guard outside, and had not given the warning. Was he a traitor? It looked very suspi-

CHAPTER VI.

SETH slept in the woods, and awoke to find Hooseah standing asleep against a tree, near. The other boys were not far away. As the roll was called, a strange voice answered "Here!" In utter amazement all looked up to behold a comical old face peering down at them from a hammock, suspended in the trees, twenty feet above them! A queer customer he proved to be. Down he hopped, and then they beheld a man of sixty—as odd a genius in talk, dress and conduct as Minnesota ever saw. He said he was a trader, but the red-skins having "dug up the hatchet," he declared that he was making his way to the Boy Brigade with a scheme to make them scouts and fighters. This was Old Joyful Jim. In the midst of their confab, Hooseah, the Wolf, gave the warning signal of danger. All instantly took to cover. A savage appeared "instantly took to cover. A savage appeared "instantly took to cover. A savage appeared "instantly took to cover."

SETH slept in the woods, and awoke to find Hooseah their him and tie him up till after the shooting is over, "said Ivan.

"That'll fix him," exclaimed a companion, approvingly.

"Let's do it," echoed the others.

"Nuff said," added Ivan; "if you fellers 'll say you'll help me, I'll get ropes ready to-night and to-morrow we'll come down here and watch him where he crosses the river, and snail him where he crosses the river with a stone round his neck?"

"Mal right! we'll help' cried the young scamps.

And the matter being thus settled, the constitution of sight ere two maidens, of about sixteen in the provingly.

"All right! we'll help' cried the young scamps.

And the matter being thus settled, the constitution of sight ere two maidens, of about sixteen in the provingly. gave the warning signal of danger. All instantly took to cover. A savage appeared, "nosing around" for sign. He found it, and walked straight up to Old Jim's covert. Jim and he were soon engaged in a rough and tumble "skrimmage," when the other Indians, at the noise, rushed in, and the Boy Brigade gave them a deadly recention. a deadly reception.

CHAPTER VII. Then a fierce fight from cover. Old Jim and his antagonist continue their remarkable combat with fists and feet. Old Jim was getting the best of it, when the Sioux, to save their comrade, rushed upon Jim, and the Boy Brigade bounded from cover to fight for their friend. Their mode of fighting by bounding in the air, by someosaults, by kicking and hitting, dumbly symmetric their research that had crowded around the lad, filled with great excitement and curiosity, now burst into a peal of laughter at the comic antics of the rollicking young Eagle founded the red-skins. Old Jim soon killed his founded the rest of the savages, who were not killed or down, took to the woods. Old Jim's whoo of victory was answered by one from Hooseah, who come in, bearing a bloody scalp THEN a flerce fight from cover. Old Jim and

in his hand, and leading forward a new boy, who had come out from the Agency to find Sure Shot Seth. His name was Ed Thornly, and his errand was to get Seth to come to a shooting-match at the Agency—to prevent a half-breed, named Ivan Le Clercq, from carrying off the prize—a fine rifle—as he had sworn to do. Seth promised, and started next morning, alone, for the Agency, while the rest of the Brigade, striking a fresh Indian trail, knew it was a war party on their way to some hideous work; so the boys started out on their first real war trail.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOY CONSPIRATORS.

YELLOW MEDICINE AGENCY was the scene of no little excitement, for there was to be a shooting-match there that day; and a big time was anticipated, for such amusements of the border settlers usually drew a large number of persons. And, what made this all the more interesting, it was to be a match for boys. A fine rifle of exquisite workmanship and elegant finish was to be the prize given to the champion marksman. There had been several matches for men during the past season, at which the boys were not allowed to compete; and so old Squire Podson concluded that he would make a match for the boys, and not admit the men. He concluded that if the threatened Indian war was an incentive to produce skillful marksmanship in men, it would hold good in boys, and so he sent off and purchased the prize rifle, then gave notice of the contest. The shooting was all to be done with the new rifle, at the distance of one hundred and fifty paces. YELLOW MEDICINE AGENCY was the scene of

done with the new rifle, at the distance of one hundred and fifty paces.

The boys at the Agency—and there were quite a number of them—were wild over the coming match, and were out practicing daily in the woods at target-shooting. There were some fine shots in the party, and the contest was likely to be a close one. There was but little difference in the shooting of Tom Grayson, John Parson and Ivan Le Clercq. If there was any difference, it was in favor of the latter. Le Clercq was a French half-breed, and all believed that he was older than he represented himself to be. He was a fine-looking lad, with dark eyes, pleasant face, and a form straight as an arrow. He was rather wild and wayward in his habits; and some thought a little treacherous and insincere in character.

There were those in Yellow Medicine that ob-There were those in Yellow Medicine that objected to their boys associating with Ivan; and there were others who exercised but little control over their boys, and did not presume to select their companions. The result was that those inclined to mischief became the followers of the wild, harem-scarem Ivan Le Clercq; while the quiet-disposed were the friends of Tom Grayson.

The latter was a kind, brave and whole-souled lad of seventeen, who loved the sports of the

The latter was a kind, brave and whole-souled lad of seventeen, who loved the sports of the woods as well as any one living. He was kind and generous to both old and young, and possessed of all the attributes of a true and perfect man, both moral and physical. But somehow or other, a spirit of rivalry had sprung up between Tom and his followers and Ivan and his associates. On the part of Tom, however, it was in the friendliest spirit; but with Ivan the characteristic jealousy of the half-breed cropped out on more than one occasion.

As a boy, from a certain period, has a natural tendency toward sin, Ivan, as a matter of course, had the largest party of followers; and as the two parties stood divided on all other questions, so they were divided on the coming shooting-match. Ivan and party practiced off by themselves, keeping the result a secret from the others; but in the mean time he sent a spy into Tom's camp, and thereby kept posted as to Tom and Josh's skill. The latter, however, were not ignorant of Ivan's movements, and his skill as a marksman, and lost no time in preparing themselves for the contest so far as practice was concerned.

This was really what Squire Podson wanted.

sand Josh's skill. The latter, however, were not signorant of twars movements, and his skillers, and his skillers and his ski

"Guess."
"Shoot him?"
"Not that rough."
"Stick him into the river with a stone round
"Stick him into the river with a stone round

"That II ix hill, exchange to provingly.

"Let's do it," echoed the others.

"Nuff said," added Ivan; "if you fellers 'll say you'll help me, I'll get ropes ready to-night and to-morrow we'll come down here and watch him where he crosses the river, and smail him

What do you say?"

"In thin, the mill, exchange is a left, that it as odd and queer as himself; and, altogether, he was the most comic and clownish-looking person it had been the fortune of our friends to meet.

"Mortal inspiration!" exclaimed the old squire, at sight of the lad, "who in all the mystery be won?"

scamps.

And the matter being thus settled, the conspirators adjourned, and retraced their footsteps toward home. But scarcely were they out of sight ere two maidens, of about sixteen summers, stepped from a thicket near, their pretty young faces aglow with pleasure, and their bright eyes sparkling with inward de-

Neither was Sure Shot Seth, but he was momentarily expected.

At one o'clock the shooting commenced, with indifferent result. Tom Grayson was not a little surprised at the absence of Ivan Le Clercq, and bitterly disappointed not to find one other face among the spectators. That was the face of Emma Milbank. All the rest of the women and girls of his acquaintance were there except she and Maggie Harris.

Now, Tom loved Emma very dearly; hence his disappointment at not seeing her there. For her to see him win the prize would have been worth more to him than a dozen prizes; for her to see him win than a dozen prizes; for her to see him win than a dozen prizes; for her to see him win the prize would have been worth still more than all; for it would have assured him of her regards—that his love was in a measure reciprocated. He was not positive that Emma loved him; but she had always received his advances in such a way as to give him encouragement such as ways as the given that the ring-eyed Eagle from Sky-Puncher-Peak's not so slouchy, if he is jist gittin' his fust pin-feathers. "Podson, as well as a number of others, saw that the lad, whoever he was, was playing a role in his disguise; and while they were wondering who he could be, and what his object was, their amusement became manifest in peals of hearty laughter. Finally the old squire said: "Well, if you've come here to shoot, why, in "Well, if you've come here to shoot, why, in "Usut three."

"Hew many chances'll you give me—forty?" "Oh, vampires and harpies!" exclaimed the youth, with a grimace that provoked a roar of laughter. "Then 'cordin' to take it."

not positive that Emma loved him; but she had always received his advances in such a way as to give him encouragement.

Meanwhile, we will look after Ivan Le Clercq and his party. Early that morning the young rascals put out for the river, and, having reached its banks, scattered out along the stream about a hundred yards apart to watch for the coming of Sure Shot Seth. After hours of impatient waiting and watching, a boat rounded the bend up the river with a single occupant—Sure Shot Seth, the Boy Rifleman.

The boy that made this discovery hastily communicated the fact to those below, and in a few minutes all were together. They knew about where Seth would land, and as he would have to pass through a strip of dense woods after leaving the river to reach the Agency, Ivan and his party ran on ahead, and, having masked their faces, awaited the approach of Seth.

masked their faces, awaited the approach of Seth.

The unsuspecting youth soon came tripping lightly along, whistling as merrily as only a boy can. He was dressed in a neat-fitting suit of buckskin, with a fringe of the same material up the seams of the leggings and around the waist and shoulders. He carried no rifle, nor weapons of any sort that were visible, which fact removed some fears from the breast of those lying in ambush for him.

A smile rested upon the face of the boy, which was evidently the offspring of some pleasant thoughts; and to this was added the spring of an elastic step and a buoyant spirit.

Suddenly the rush of feet arrested his attention. He stopped and looked around him. Five persons, with masks upon their faces, rushed out of the shadows and seized him. He struggled desperately, heroically, and for a while held his adversaries a lively fight. But superior numbers finally triumphed. He was overpowered, borne to the ground, and bound and gagged. Then he was carried into a thicket and tied to a tree where no human eye could detect his presence ten feet away.

This done, the young rufflans hurried away in the direction of the "Openings," whence they could already hear the clear ringing report of the rifles at the shooting tournament coming.

When a few rods from the thicket they threw aside their disguises; Ivan Le Clercq's face looked red and excited; it showed the unmistakable signs of a guilty conscience. But calming his emotions the best way he could, he entered the crowd gathered in the Openings.

"He, Ivan, my boy," exclaimed Squire Podson, "you are late, young man; whar the deuce 've you been?"

"We've been out on a deer-hunt. Buck Jones said thar were three deer that come down to the old ferry every morning to drink, and we fitted the processing that we'd seawer one or tran."

"We've been out on a deer-hunt. Buck Jones said thar were three deer that come down to the old ferry every morning to drink, and we thought we'd secure one or two."

And what a falsehood the boy told!

"Well," continued the squire, "you were just in time, for the last boy has ahot, and Tom Grayson is champion so far. We have been looking for Sure Shot Seth, down from the Hermit Hut, all morning, and he may come yit. But now, Ivan, do you want to try your hand?"

"To be sure I do: that's what I come for "

streaks made of the different pigments used by the Indians. Around each eye was painted three rings—the inner one being black, the second blue, and the third red—which gave him the wild, staring expression of a comic old owl. His nose was painted black; his cheeks were touched with blue; and his mouth encircled by a ring of dirty red. His hair was cropped close and the bristling stubs had also received a coloring of red, black and blue, in spots. He was dressed in a suit as odd and queer as himself; and, altogether, he was the most comic and clownish-looking person it had been the fortune.

you?"
"I are the young ring-eyed eagle, jist soared down from the Rocky Mountains to try a shot at this bisness," exclaimed the youth, in a kind of a squaky tone, keeping one corner of his mouth depressed; "I are the little eaglet whose dad lords it over the United States and screams along the sky. Show me the chicken that says he can beat me shootin', and I'll flop a wing into

their bright eyes sparkling with inward de light.

"We'll see about that tying up Sure Shot Seth, won't we, Maggie?" said one.

"We will that, Emma; and won't it be jolly to beat such bad boys?"

And the two maidens laughed merrily over the idea, as hand-in-hand they sauntered leisurely homeward.

"In can beat me shootin', and I'll flop a wing into his anatomy."

"Hold on here, youngster," said Podson,

"Crazy! Oh-a-yi! a-yi!" he screamed, in exact imitation of the eagle, "give me a few shots at the target, and I'll show you that the ring-eyed eaglet of Sky-Puncher-Peak can warm the wax in any boy's ears this side of his fust birth-diverged.

"Oh, vampires and harpies!" exclaimed the youth, with a grimace that provoked a roar of laughter. "Then cordin to that some chap has scored two out of three; just show him to me, please, till I see the white of his eye, and then

"I'm the chap, sir," said Ivan Le Clercq, stepping out and confronting the Eagle-from-Sky-Puncher-Peak.
"That's nothin," said the youth, running his eye along Ivan's form with a quick, but critical look.

eye along Ivan's form with a quick, but critical look.

"Thar's a tie," interrupted the squire, "between him—Ivan—and that feller; so if you want to try a shot at the mark, why, do so."

"Thank you; please pass me yer fusilade and I'll try its mettle. Cl'ar the track, folks, for the young Eagle-from-Sky-Funcher-Peak."

The crowd parted in a lane extending down toward the target, and scarcely was the range cleared ere the boy carelessly threw the rifle to his shoulder, and the gun was discharged, as all supposed, by accident.

"Oh!" burst involuntarily from the boy's lips, and then an exclamation burst from the lips of those who saw his movements, and were ready to censure him for his carelessness.

and then an exclamation burst from the lips of those who saw his movements, and were ready to censure him for his carelessness.

"He's not fit to handle a gun," observed one, in an undertone, to a companion.

"Don't fool yourself. He's no fool; he's playin' off," said another; "but listen to the report."

"A plumb-center shot," was the announcement that came up from the target.

A wild, prolonged shout that fairly split the heavens burst from the lips of the crowd.

The boy whistled softly as if with surprise at his own skill. The shouts of the crowd turned to laughter as they saw the sober, comic expression of the inimical young clown's face.

"Ready for another," said Podson, as he placed a cap on the nipple of the gun.

The boy spat upon his hands, winked at an imaginary friend, then took the rifle, and before it was scarcely leveled, fired.

A deep silence followed the report, and every eye turned toward the target.

"Another winning shot," was the announcement that the recorder sent forth, and again the crowd cheered the young "ring-eyed eagle."

The third time was the gun reloaded, and the third time did the lad awkwardly swing the weapon to his shoulder, squint first with one eye, then the other along the barrel, to the amusement of the spectators; then he finally closed both eyes and fired.

For the next half a minute not a soul seemed to breathe, so deep and intent was the anxiety and expectancy of the party. But it was the calm that preceded the storm following the announcement:

"That shot takes the prize—the Eagle-of-Sky-

nouncement:
"That shot takes the prize—the Eagle-of-Sky-Puncher-Peak has won?"
(To be continued—commenced in No. 353.)

To New Readers.-To secure the next (No. 356) and succeeding issues of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, without delays or disappointment, new readers should speak to their newsdealer at once, that his supply may include their orders.

at poker. We kin find his hole easy enough, I gusss."

After a brief delay, to breathe their animals, the little band of diggers trotted briskly forward and entered the cluster of rude, flithy hovels. The place seemed almost deserted, yet a close observer could have caught glimpses of bright, vicious-looking eyes peering out from the huts upon the intruders, but not a soul issued forth. Drawing rein near the center of the cluster, Dandy Dave glanced around him with a puzzled air. Only for a moment. Then he spurred his horse forward, pausing close beside one of the huts. An angry snarl followed as a ragged heap beneath his animal's nose suddenly resolved itself into a human shape, shaking a bloody hand upon which the mustang's forefoot had been planted.

"Where is Dlego el Cojo?" cried Dandy Dave, in Spanish.

Spanish.

The Mexican angrily motioned toward one of the huts, then darted away and plunged into the thickest of the town.

"Luck ferever!" chuckled Dandy, as a short, stout figure appeared at the door of the hut indicated. "Short an' Dirty hisself! Come on, felerally

As the Mexican saw them approaching, he cast a

As the Mexican saw them approaching, he cast a swift glance around, as though to measure the chances of escape. But if such was his purpose, he was too slow in putting it into execution. He drew the slab door to behind him, folded his arms and stolidly stared at the Americans.

"Ain't you glad to see us, old hoss?" grinned Dandy Dave, leaning over in his saddle. "We've bin lottin' on payin' ye a visit this ever so long; wanted to come an' stay a year with ye, but business was too pressin'. Whar's that wounded feller you've got here?" he added, abruptly.

"Gone. He went away this morning," was the ready reply.

"Surrender be durned!" snarled Black Pepper, cocking his pistol.

Dandy Dave fired with lightning quickness, his bullet shattering the desperado's fingers and tearing the revolver from his grasp. Black Pepper attempted to seize the weapon in his left hand, but the miner was upon him, bearing him back with a force his weakened frame could not withstand. Dandy called aloud:

"One o' you fellers fetch a trail-rope—rest o' ye stay thar an' keep the greasers from comin' too close."

stay thar an keep the greasers from comin' too close."

Sugar-lips speedily appeared, and under Dandy Dave's directions securely bound the desperado, despite his furious struggles.

"Thar!" exclaimed Dandy, in a tone of satisfaction, as he wiped his brow. "Jest as neat a job as a feller need want. Ef you hedn't bin so durned contrairy, I wouldn't 'a' sp'lled your hand fer ye. Cut a bit from that hide yender, Sugar-lips; he's bleedin' like a stuck hog, an' won't be no better'n a dough-boy time we git ready fer that hangin' match, ef 'tain't stopped."

The tough hide thong was tied tightly around Black Pepper's wrist, and his hand was enveloped in a portion of his shirt. Then, bidding Sugar-lips watch him, Dave stepped to the door. A quick glance showed him the state of affairs. The pistol-shots had fully aroused the Mexicans, who, though taking care to keep at a respectful distance, were still to be seen busiling around, weapons in hand, as though preparing for an attack.

"They mean business, boss," grimly observed Corn-cracker.

"We know how to give it to 'em, I reckon. I want you to come 'long o' me, Cracker. We've got to git a hoss, somehow. "Twon't do to try ridin' double out o' this hole; we'll need all the hands we've got, you hear me!"

to git a hoss, somehow. I won't go to an adduble out o' this hole; we'll need all the hands we've got, you hear me!"

As he spoke Dave strode to where the fat Mexican still squatted, and jerked him to his feet, giving him a vigorous shake by way of restoring his scattered senses.

"I'm monstrous sorry to trouble ye, old man," he said, his words in ludicrous contrast with his actions. "Mebbe you think it's 'posin' on good natur', but I must ax ye to lend me the loan o' a hoss—I know you've got plenty in the corral yender. I wouldn't ax it, but I know you'll be delighted to 'commodate a' old fri'nd like me."

Between the two Diego was forced along the street to the corral, and while Corn-cracker guarded the entrance, Dave made the Mexican select and halter one of the finest animals within the inclosure.

ed the entrance, Dave made the Mexican select and halter one of the finest animals within the inclosure.

"Now you kin git!" said Dave, as he led the horse over the bars. "Take your fri'nds my best complements, an' tell 'em that the fust one as sticks his karkidge 'thin pistol-shot'll git blowed to never-come-back-ag in. Skin out!"

"'Tain't so bad as I thought," remarked Corncracker, as they rejoined their friends without being molested. "The cusses show that teeth, but I don't b'lieve they dar'try to bite."

"Don't crow too soon, mate. Ef we git out o' this without smellin' powder, an' pienty of it, you kin take my hat. But, mind one thing—all of ye. Ef they crowd us too close, make sure of him. He mustn't slip through our fingers now, though we'll keep him fer the rope long's we kin. Fetch my critter up cluss to the door, and git your trail-ropes ready, against we fetch him out,"

With the aid of Sugar-lips, the prisoner was carried out and hoisted into the saddle, to which he was firmly bound. Another rope passed beneath the mustang's belly and secured Black Pepper sfeet. Besides this, a trail-rope was tied by the middle to the high pommel, the two ends extending from thence to the saddles bestridden by two miners. With these precautions escape for the desperado was impossible, unless his entire guard were massacred.

"Take it cool an' easy, now," muttered Dandy

sacred.
"Take it cool an' easy, now," muttered Dandy
Dave, as he leaped upon the bare back of his confliscated steed. "Don't burn powder onless they
press us too close—then make every bit o' lead
fetch out a death-vel!"

fetch out a death-yell!"
With cocked revolvers the little party rode slowly along the narrow lane, while the Mexicans, their shouts and cries growing louder and bolder, dodged from hut to hut, gradually closing in upon them. Suddenly, a single shot came from the right, and Dandy Dave flung back his head as a bullet fairly grazed his temples. Almost like an bullet fairly grazed his temples. Almost like an echo came the sound of Corn-oracker's revolver, and with a horrible yell of agony a man plunged head first into open sight.

"Good-by, Short an' Dirty! go to the devil an' tell him I sent you!" laughed the tall miner, reck-

lessly.

With that double shot the threatened storm broke in its full fury. Yelling like wolves, the Mexicans swarmed forward, firing at every jump.

"Hoop 'er up, boys!" yelled Dandy Dave, bringing down his man. "Show 'em how white men kin

A musket ball struck him full in the throat, and he almost fell from his animal's back, but steadying himself with a terrible effort, he thrust his pistol fairly against Black Pepper's head and pulled trigger, even as he fell, stone dead!

> CHAPTER XXXI. AT THE OLD MISSION.

"OH, thunder! wake up, George, wake up!" howled Little Pepper, stamping his feet in an ecstasy of rage and excitement, as he roughly rolled and shook his brother. "They's jest bin little ole h—I to pay while we've bin snoozin'! Roust up, consarn ye—cain'! you roust up!"

Big Gorge bore a hard and well-seasoned head upon his shoulders, and could walk steady under a load of "pizen" that would have floored any two common men, but after his wordy war with Clarins he had absorbed both whisky and brandy like a sponge, until, "full to the brim," he sunk beneath the rude table dead drunk. Little Pepper drank more moderately, and, though he soon stretched his scant length upon the floor in slumber, worn out by the unusual excitement and fatigue of the past few days, he awoke fully one hour before daybreak, his brain cool and clear. Missing Pepper-pot, he rolled out of the hut, and, yawningly, shambled down toward the entrance to the gulch. Yet he had no suspicions of the changes which had been wrought during his slumber, until reaching the first or inner barricade of bowlders. This was unmanned and unguarded. He scrambled over the rocks and brush, making his way even to the mouth of the gulch, but the defenses were entirely deserted.

Then it was that he rushed back and so unceremoniously awakened Big George from his dranken slumber, never ceasing his efforts until the glant sat up, with a mingled curse and yawn.

"The durinedest out you ever hear tell on!" he spluttered. "Dick's gone—'nd so's the hull pizen outfit! They ain't hide nut ha'r left."

The startling tidings sobered Big George like magic, and with one bound he was outside the hut, glaring around him like some lion disturbed at its feast of blood.

"You kin see fer yourself. They ain't nobody keepin' watch 'long the trails; they ain't nobody in the hute pur big house' cent old Dire. "'a hole of the part in the hute pur be house' cent old Dire." and 'a hay a hay a part of the p

magic, and with one bound he was outside the hut, glaring around him like some lion disturbed at its feast of blood.

"You kin see fer yourself. They ain't nobody in the huts nur big house 'cept old Dina, an' she's dead drunk."

"It's her work—her work an' his!" snarled the glant, an ugly glare in his eyes. "They've levanted and tuck the men'long with 'em! Ef they hev—an' I ever find'em—!"

"Ef they hev gone fer good an' left us two yere alone, this hole won't be as healthy fer us as a small-pox horsepittle in full blast, you hear me! That pizen cuss, Eart Noble, and his imps, 'll be back yer the minnit they find out the dodge Clarry put on'em. I reckon the jig's up, old man!"

"We could pick off a dozen or two afore they got in, anyhow," responded the glant, more like his usual self. "But I vali+ my life a heap higher 'n that. They's a heap of scores to pay off afore I go under. Eph, you go an' see what you kin make out o' the nigger. "Tain't likely she went off 'thout her knowin' somethin' about it. Work lively now, and don't be afeard o' hurtin' the wench's feelin's. I'll see to cachein' the dust, then we'll puckaches."

Big George hastened into the stone building.

Diego el Cojo obeyed, though just how probably puzzled him. He feit an iron grasp upon his shoulders—then a stunning shock as he fell upon his back over a dozen feet from the doorstep.

"Ef he makes any fuss, some o' you fellers jest set on him," coolly remarked Dandy, as Diego sat up and gouged the dust out of his eyes.

"Better mind, Dave," warningly uttered Corocracker. "Ef the cuss is in thar, he's guessed what we're a 'ter an''ll take you on the jump et he's got strength enough to pull trigger."

The cartion was not needed. Dandy Dave had served his time as sheriff of a river county in Arkansas, and was thoroughly "up to snuff." Cocking a revolver, he drove the frail door open with his foot. Only pausing to take one glance into the room, he crouched low down, then leaped forward like a panther.

His suspicions were correct. Black Pepper was within, and fully upon the alert. As the door opened, he raised his revolver to where a man's breast would naturally appear, and had Dandy Dave attempted to enter in the usual manner, he would have fallen upon the very threshold. Black Pepper lowered his pistol, and fired, but the bullet buried itself in the floor behind Dave.

"Surrender—drap your weepin or I'll bore ye through quicker'n a wink!" he hissed, in a deadly tone.

"Surrender—drap your weepin or I'll bore ye through quicker'n a wink!" he hissed, in a deadly we like itself in the floor behind Dave.

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"Surrender—drap your weepin or I'll bore ye through quicker'n a wink!" he hissed, in a deadly we like itself to did not the time the weep through like itself to did not the time town. Arter that "We'll kingw better wh

"An' arter that?"

"An' arter that?"

"We'll know better when the time comes, "briefly replied Big George, leading the way over the defenses and out into the valley.

As the shortest cut to the spot where they had left their animals, the brothers abandoned the ralley trail, striking over the hills, in an easterly direction. Neither of them ever knew how narrowly they escaped meeting the band of returning vigilantes. Ten minutes later and they could not have escaped a meeting that could only have resulted in their death or capture—its equivalent. Fully two hours were spent in finding and separating their horses, then the brothers headed for head of Mission, riding recklessly in their haste to reach there.

the Old Mission, riding recklessly in their haste to reach there.

The giant's reflections were not pleasant ones. During the past few days everything had been working against him. His best laid plans had miscarried, when failure seemed impossible. Black Pepper was severely, if not morfally, wounded; Red Pepper was missing. Then came the quarrel with Clarina, ending in her abandoning his cause with all her force, including, as it now appeared, Pepper-pot. Little wonder, then, with all these thoughts to trouble him, that Big George reached the Mission in a dangerous state of mind.

"They're here—yender's Leon an'a lot more o' the men," cried the dwarf, as the old building was sighted.

The recognition was mutual, but the reception of

the men," cried the dwarf, as the old building was sighted.

The recognition was mutual, but the reception of the brothers was anything but a gratifying one. Of nearly thirty men grouped upon the grassy sward before the Mission, not one face but bore a dark, ugly scowl, while every hand held a weapon with the resolute grip that plainly revealed their will lingness to mee them if required.

Big George saw this, and the insolent words which were apon his lips were changed for a more diplomatic salutation.

"The queen is within, Leon? Go tell her that I wish to speak a few words with her."

"I carry messages for no man, Senor Pepper." bluntly replied the Mexican. "And for only one woman."

likes to crowd overly much," grinned the dwarf, shifting the bridles to his left hand and displaying a revolver.

Big George entered the building without more words. Though quite an extensive structure, the Mission was only one story in hight, and consequently not difficult to search through. And this was what the giant set about, as no answer came to his calls. Room after room proved to be uncoupled, not a little to his wonder, so certain had he been of finding Clarina, if not his brother, there. As a last hope, he looked into a tiny alcove, barely large enough to contain one person, but started back with a loud cry. Before him lay a corpse, its face horribly distorted, its garments torn as by a terrible struggle, its throat bruised and livid. The body was that of an old woman, and she had been choked to death!

As he setreated to the door, he was met by Little Popper and Leon, the Mexican.

"You have found her, then—old Jacintha, I mean," said the latter, in an uneasy tone.

"Who murdered her—what has been going on here?" sternly demanded Big George. "Where is Clarina?"

"You know as much as any of us. The queen came here last night, so Manuel says. She bade him light the fire signal for the men to assemble here—that there was work for us to do. We obeyed, but can find nothing of her. Manuel says he carried a woman down to the hole in the ground, and locked her in. We listened at the door, but all was still. Nor can we find the key. Jacintha always carried it."

"A woman—what woman?"

"One he carried off from Blue Earth, night be-

"A woman—what woman?"
"One he carried off from Blue Earth, night before last. He let that much slip out, but when I questioned him about her, he would not speak fur-

"Show me this hole!" cried Big George, his eyes glowing with a startling suspicion. " Make haste!"

eyes glowing with a startling suspicion. "Make haste!"

Leon only waited long enough to light a torch from a pile of pitch knots in one corner, then led the way down the steps, pausing before the iron-bound door. Striking this with one hand he turned to the brothers, saying:

"Manuel says be put her in this cell."

"Help! friends!" suddenly came a voice from beyond the barrier, a voice that they all recognized, despite its muffled sound. "Break down the door and avenge, if you are too late to rescue me!"

"Clarina!" cried Big George, in astonishment. "Yes—there is a man in here."

"Wuss'n a man—I'm a devil!" shrilly laughed Woodpecker. "Come on in, Big George—do come in! I've rubbed out one of your brothers—Pepper-pot—an' I'm eetchin' to send you a'ter him."

"For the love of God! help us!" added a fainter voice. "As you hope for mercy hereafter, do not desert me!"

"Estelle!" gasned the giant, staggered by this

er voice. "As you hope for mercy hereafter, do not desert me!"

"Estelle!" gasped the giant, staggered by this second discovery. "Quick, men—get axes, crow-hars—anything with which we can batter down this accursed door!"

"Work fast as you will, you won't be in time, Big George," coolly added Woodpecker. "They'll be a nice pictur' in yer fer ye to look on. You know what they did to my pard, Saltpeter! She did it, an' I'm going to sarve her the same way—both on 'emi" and once more came a burst of shrill, maniacal laughter.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 345.)

To New Readers.—To secure the next (No. 356) and succeeding issues of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, without delays or disappointment, new readers should speak to their newsdealer AT ONCE, that his supply may include their orders.

Adrift on the Prairie:

THE ADVENTURES OF FOUR YOUNG NIMRODS. BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "IDAHO TOM,

"HAPPY HARRY," ETC., ETC. VII,—JIM'S INDIGNATION—A HORRIBLE MURDER

achee."

Big George hastened into the stone building, passing through the room where he had had the stormy interview with Clarins, unlocking the iron door of a small square recess or closet. From this took an iron chest, so heavy that his bug frame bowed beneath its weight, and bore it out to the

more, the first Musquakie I see skulking around this lake will take down with a 'sharp pain in the region of the stomach. Confound the dirty scum. I'll be a pestilence to them."

"Bridle your angry passions, James," said Bob, "and let us try for another swan."

"Swan! Thunder and miracles!" blustered Jim, "I calculate to shoot nothing less than Indians from this time on."

dians from this time on.

dians from this time on."

Bob paddled us back into the covert recently occupied. Meanwhile Jim searched the surrounding reeds for a skulking Musquakie, and had he discovered one, he would doubtless have made it very unpleasant for the red-skin. We did all we could to attract his attention from his origenances for fear he might see one and his grievances, for fear he might see one and cause the party some trouble, for the tribe was under the protection of the government, and we had no desire to have to answer to Uncle Sam

under the protection of the government, and we had no desire to have to answer to Uncle Sam for a dead Musquakie.

Uncle Lige had told me that day, that it was one of the tricks of those vagabond Indians to hang around among the reeds and watch the success of white hunters. If a bird fell nearer them than the hunter, they would steal it if possible, their skill in the use of the paddle, and the uniform lightness of their canoes, enabling them to elude detection. In some instances they are employed by gunners to gather in game for a share, for they are equal to a hound in finding dead birds among the reeds and grass. But, even then, they will steal; for in the excitement consequent upon good success, a hunter loses run of his counts, and his "game gatherer" takes advantage of the fact. The inferiority of these red-skins' firearms leads to this habit of stealing. If they ever become possessed of a gun that any one else would have, they will sell it for whisky, or get cheated out of it by some white sharper.

They were not like the wild Indian of the plain. All their ambition and skill as hunters had been reduced to laziness, vagabondage and drunkenness by subjugation. A few of the more ambitious of the boys trapped mink and musk-rats, for the skins of which there was always a ready sale. But the proceeds usually went to the maintenance of the family. During went to the maintenance of the family.

musk-rats, for the skins of which there was always a ready sale. But the proceeds usually went to the maintenance of the family. During the day, the squaws mounted their ponies and sallied out a-begging among the settlements; while their lazy lords lounged about camp, or skulked about, exerting a great deal more energy to steal something than to procure it by honest means. When money found its way into their possession, it was sure to be expended for fire-water, for which they had an inordinate love.

fire-water, for which they had an inordinate love.

We waited a while in the reeds for another shot, but as the report of Jim's gun had flushed all the game within hearing, and the day being well advanced, we headed for the shore. We soon effected a landing, and in looking about for George, found him sitting upon a little eminence with his back against a stone, his gun lying across his lap, with both hammers back, and a pelican by his side. He was fast asleep. He looked fatigued and worn, and the bird at his side told that he had not been entirely idle since we had left him.

We woke him and resumed our way to camp, which we finally reached, hungry and tired. We found Uncle Lige seated upon the ground reading a paper. It was the SaturaDay Journal, which I had procured at the news-office of Car-

winch we many reached, hungry and tred. We found Uncle Lige seated upon the ground reading a paper. It was the SATURDAY JOURNAL, which I had procured at the news-office of Carrol City as we passed through.

"Splendid time I've had, boys," he said, in answer to our question as to how he had spent the day; "I found this paper in yer wagon, and I tell ye what thar's some killin' good readin' in it. It beats the Bible all to smash."—Uncle Lige was an infidel—"and that man Washington Whitehorn drives the nail right home. He's a deep thinker—knocks the socks off the old Psalmist and comes in like two-forty on the homestretch. Mind what I tell ye, he'll turn up some day in Congress, or the next thing to it—the lunatic asylum. But, boys, how'd ye make it on the lake?"

"It's dog-goned easy told," said Jim; "I killed a swan, and an Indian stole it. But that's not the end of it, please gracious. There's to be some blood spilt. I'm going up to that Indian camp after night-fall, and if they don't york up for that swan, I'm going to exterminate every varlet of them."

for that swan, I'm going to exterminate every varlet of them."
Uncle Lige indulged in a long, hearty, good-

Drief Lige induged in a long, nearty, good-natured laugh that shook his whole frame. It pleased Jim so to see the old fellow laugh, al-though at his—Jim's—expense, that he was forced into a silent outburst himself, and from that time on he began to feel much better. By the time we had prepared and eaten our supper, and attended to our animals, the sun had set.

As the shadows of night gathered around us, the droning of nocturnal wings and the hum of insects came from the woods, and we began to realize the difference in a night-camp on the prairie and the same in the forest. The surroundings of the former were fresh, wild and startling, the latter deep, solemn and ominous. The prairie has a song peculiar to itself; it is clear, sweet and inspiring. The woods have a song also, but it is low, weird and foreboding. One cannot shake off the influence of the latter, if surrounded by it. There is a strange magnetism in the shadows of night, born of infinity, that only the radiance of day can dispel.

As darkness continued to thicken around us, we suddenly discovered a bright light in the Indian encampment north of us. We could see the blaze of a buge bonfire leaping upward into

dian encampment north of us. We could see the blaze of a huge bonfire leaping upward into the night, and we could see dusky forms passing

to and fro around it. 'Reckon as what they're goin' to have a swan ast," said Uncle Lige, with a low, pleasant Jim ground his teeth and fingered his imperial

Suppose we go up and sup with them," suggested King.
"I'm going up to kill the whole kit of the varmints," said Jim, "and if you, fellows want to

We saw that Jim was half in earnest, and was making preparations to start to the Indian camp; but feeling certain that he would change his notion of doing violence by the time we reached there, we consented to accompany him and at once set off. As we approached the encampment along the cover of the woods, our ears were greeted by yells and screams that equaled Pandemonium.

monium. Pandemonium.

"By the great royal horn-spoon!" exclaimed old Lige, "them fellers that went to town have got back, and the hull pack of red devils are havin' a solid old drunk of it. Boys, it'll be sickly for us to venture inside of that camp towicht".

night."
"Well, I'm out of the notion of killing them
"well, I'm out of the notion of killing them to-night, anyhow," said Jim, always ready for any emergency. "I won't exterminate a drunk-en Indian. I want him to know what ails him,

when I get a-hold of him."
"We can go up within sight of their camp,
and see the performance," said Uncle Lige, and
so we moved on until we could command a full

iew of the encampment.

We were astonished by the sight that met our We were astomshed by the sight that met our view. Not less than a score of Indians—all beastly drunk—were having an old-time dance, peculiar to their wild forefathers, around the glowing bonfire. They were stripped to the waist, and with bleared eyes, long, disheveled hair, and faces dirty, and frenzied with liquor, they chased each other around and around the fire in a sort of dance veiling screaming and fire in a sort of dance, yelling, screaming and singing, and brandishing knives and hatchets—appearing like demons in a fiendish revel. A few older warriors sat near, watching their orgie with a smile upon their swarthy faces, while the boys clapped their hands and laughed in clee

All the swans in the North-west would have An the swans in the North-west would have been no inducement toward getting Jim inside that camp. In fact, he was the first to suggest that we could just as well watch the drunken vagabonds in their revel a little further away, and thereby run no risk of being discovered. He detested a drunken Indian—he would not waste powder to shoot him.

We continued our watch, notwithstanding Ilm's protectations from our first recition; and

Jim's protestations, from our first position; and a little cry of excitement burst involuntarily from our lips when we saw a savage stagger and fall into the fire. Before he had sustained any serious injury, however, his comrades drag-

ged him out of the flames, and as he arose to his feet again, he was met by his terrified squaw, who was coming to his relief. The drunken wretch stepped back from her, uttered a yell that fairly froze our blood, then to our awful horror he raised his hatchet and buried it to the eye in the woman's brain!

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

BY REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM

Oh! sweet and beautiful is Night, when the silver moon is high,
And countless stars, like clustering gems, hang
sparkling in the sky,
While the balmy breath of the Summer breeze
comes whispering down the gen,
And one fond voice alone is heard, oh, Night is
lovely then!

But when that voice, in feeble moans of sickness and of pain, But mocks the anxious ear that strives to catch its sounds in vain; When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,
When all we love is fading fast, how terrible is
Night!

" Pete "

Among our crew was one Dan Price, a tall, stalwart fellow, who much prided himself upon his strength and physique.

Dan was a good fellow, or rather a well-meaning fellow, but could not resist the temptation to parade his power upon all occasions.

He would catch a poor fellow by the legs and swing him over his head, and then, setting the scared man down on deck, laugh boisterously in his face.

his face.
Or, at another time, suddenly seize a man and lay him flat upon the deck before the victim had an opportunity to object to such a proceeding.
When remonstrated with, Dan would laugh and say it was all fun, and so it was to him; but others, and particularly his victims, very strongly disapproved of such pranks, and agreed among themselves that Dan must be paid off at the next port or they would demand their own discharges. Upon our arrival all hands went aft and stated

Upon our arrival all hands went aft and stated their case to Captain Grindle.

Either Dan must go ashore or they would. Captain Grindle requested them to repair aft on the next morning and he would attend to it.

During the day Captain Bowridge, of the "Catawba," came aboard to dine, and to him our skipper explained the trouble which existed. He did not want to lose Dan, as he was one of the best and most courageous seamen aboard.

the best and most courageous seamen aboard.

The two skippers discussed the matter over their cigars and wine.

"By George, Grindle, I'll solve the problem," said Captain Bowridge, suddenly taking his legs off the table. Captain Grindle eyed his companion curi-

ously.

"I have a nigger who can take the starch out of your critter, and you may take him in exchange for any good man you have, but only for your homeward trip, for I can't abide to part with him "

Captain Grindle shook his head.

"Won't do, I tell you, Bowridge; no two niggers could get away with my man, and I guess I must get him off to ensure my boys staying by

me."
"Pshaw; look here, captain, just you send off your 'gig' to my vessel, and tell Pete I want him. You'll have a better opinion when you see Steward, request the mate to come below." "Yes, sir."
"Have some grog, Mr. Mapes," said Captain
Grindle, as he pushed a decanter across the side
of the table by which the mate stood when he

"Mapes, send off the gig, and order my mate to send back the nigger, Pete," said Bowridge. "Ay, ay, sir." And Mr. Mapes bolted his

grog.

In half an hour the boat returned with Pete.
He was a thick-set, firmly-knit negro, with a bull head and huge shoulders, hands and feet.
Captain Grindle nodded approvingly at Bow-

ridge.

"Go aboard, Pete, and get your 'kit.' You are going to make a trip with Captain Grindle. You must, however, not forget to rejoin the 'Catawba' at the end of your voyage. Be a good boy, and do just as Captain Grindle tells

\$5 \text{T0 \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 to \$20 per day at home.

Pete ducked, and took the "tot" of grog Next morning, when the hands came aft, the skipper asked them if he took a quiet, inoffensive man, who could handle Dan, if they would stay

by the ship.
They replied that they would; that they would like no better fun than to see a man who could do as he chose with a man whom none of them

We went to sea two days afterward.

At first the men showed a dislike for "the nigger," but in a day or two he was a great favorite on account of his good nature and sea-

Captain Grindle sent for Pete, into the cabin, and explained the reason he had been trans-

ferred.

Pete grinned from ear to ear, and appeared highly delighted and gratified at the duty to which he was assigned.

One day, Pete was sitting upon the main hatch, splicing a rope, for his own amusement.

Presently Dan came along, looking mischievously at some of the crew who were coiling down the ropes.

down the ropes.

As he approached Pete, he exclaimed:

"Hallo, darkie, move your black carcass"

"A-yah! yah—don't mean that, do ye?"

"Yes, git up, I say!"

"Don't say?"

"Git up!"

"Don't say?"

"Git up!"

"What fo' I git up!"

"Fun, of course," said Dan.

"Now jes you see heah, Dan, you want fool,

"Well, all right; if you git hurt, you'll be
ad, tho'."

"Who get hurt, nig, eh?" asked Dan.

"You, I reckin, 'cause you want ter fool."

"Take care, Pete; I don't want no lip."

"Yah-yah-yah!" laughed Pete, good-naturllv.

"Take care, Pete; I don't want no hp."

"Yah-yah-yah!" laughed Pete, good-naturedly.

Dan placed his hands upon Pete's shoulders, who had risen during the conversation.

"Now jest sit down ag'in; d'ye hear, nig?"

The negro grinned and a flash shot from his eyes, but without replying he placed one hand upon Dan's jacket-collar and with the other seized the seat of his pantaloons.

One deep breath—the cords in his massive neck and arms started out like chain-cable, and when he arose the gigantic form of Dan towered at arm's length above his head.

Behind them was the ship's cutter.

It had rained hard all the previous night, and the boat was three parts full of water.

Pete, with a loud chuckle, threw his would-be tormentor into the middle of it.

"Yah! yah! yah!—ya-hoo!" screamed Pete, as the men gathered round to applaud.

In a moment Dan's head appeared above the water; a most woebegone look he wore. He saw us all standing there, convulsed with laughter. He moved not a hair. Such surprise and chagrin I never saw depicted on human face before.

"Spec's I didn't hurt you much?" asked Pete,

Spec's I didn't hurt you much?" asked Pete, with a calm, serious face.

Not a word did Dan reply. Crawling out, he hurried below to change his clothes.

We had good friends after that in both Dan and Pete, particularly the latter.

To New Readers.—To secure the next (No. 8'6) and succeeding issues of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. without delays or disappointment, new readers should speak to their newsdealer AT ONCE, that his supply may include their orders.

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THE COQUETTE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I come from haunts where fashion grows, I make my maiden sally. I sparkle in among the beaux Who all around me rally.

To every rout I hurry down, For only there my heart is, To every kettle-drum in town And half a hundred parties.

I fly to each reception, too, And sail on fashion s river, For men may come and men may sue, But I go on forever.

I chatter over silly things,
As airy as a feather,
I slide and shift my finger-rings,
I babble of the weather;

With word or frown the heart I fret

Of many a simple fellow, And all for sport I spread my net For young men soft and mellow

In chatter, chatter my words flow
On fashion's whirling river,
For men may come and man may go,
But I go on forever.

I sing, I laugh, I sigh, I scold Among the glittering mazes, And many eyes I draw and hold With many moods and phases.

I yawn, I simper, fan and smirk, Just as my fancy pleases, With here and there a silvery clerk And here a golden Crossus I draw them all along—the beau Who's cold, the beau who s clever, For men may come and men may go, But I go on forever.

I laugh to scorn, or thrill with glee
The crowd that round me hovers,
The maids would long to rivals be—
The men be happy lovers.

I scoff, I praise, I gloom, I glance Upon those helpless fellows, And through the dance I gayly prance With light foot like the swallows.

Men murmur how they do adore, And crave the smile that blesses; I dash their hopes unto the floor Withone toss of my tresses.

Thus I beguile the flattering crew; Then cause their hearts to shiver, For men may plead and men may sue, But I'll not wed forever!

Great Captains. THE IRON DUKE,

The Conqueror of Napoleon. BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, "the Iron Duke," the "Hero of a Hundred Battles," ranks in history as one of the most illustrious captains of ancient

as one of the most illustrious captains of ancient or modern times.

Great as are the names of her soldiers, won on battle-fields that gave to England her prestige and glory, above them all, in the esteem of all classes, stands that of Wellington.

And justly so, for the record he made through a life of field service that witnessed his steady progress from an ensigncy to commander-inchief, was scarcely marred by a defeat, while the crowning act of overcoming Napoleon, at Waterloo, by the exercise of all the qualities that make soldiers great, gave to English arms and English prowess a glory that time will never dim.

In his career we read again the lesson that has

to be thrown upon the now weakened point. The French were defeated almost before they knew it, and only night saved Marmont's whole army from destruction or capture. (July 21st, 1812)

The French were defeated almost before they knew it, and only night saved Marmont's whole army from destruction or capture. (July 21st, 1812)

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The French were defeated almost before they knew it, and only night saved Marmont's whole army from destruction or capture. (July 21st, 1812)

This tremendous reverse was followed by purous Wellington suddenly re-crossed the Douro, and made a rush on Madrid. It was soon in his hands a Eron college, but before he was eighten he was in the army as ensign, soon to be advanced to a lieutenancy and finally to a captaincy, in 1791. Two years later he was made major, but had as yet seen no actual service.

After a session in the Irish Parliament, and acting as aide to the Lord Lieutenant, he went, upon his first active service, to the Netherlands, as lieutenant-colonel of the 33d regiment—afterward to become so noted under his command. He was made colonel of this regiment in 1797, when he assumed the name of Wellesley, in deference to the wishes of his elder brother, the Marquis Wellesley (Richard Colley Wellesley), in deference to the wishes of his elder brother, the Marquis Wellesley (Richard Colley Wellesley), in deference to the wishes of his elder brother, the Marquis Wellesley (Richard Colley Wellesley), in deference to the wishes of his elder brother, the Marquis Wellesley (Richard Colley Wellesley), in deference to the wishes of his elder brother, the Marquis Wellesley (Richard Colley Wellesley), in deference to the wishes of his elder brother, the Marquis Wellesley (Richard Colley Wellesley), in deference to the wishes of his elder brother, the Marquis Wellesley (Richard Colley Wellesley), in deference to the wishes of his elder brother, the Marqu India. The French intrigues made it necessary, for Wellesley to act promptly and severely. The British army marched, under General Harman accompanied by a strong na ris, into Mysore, accompanied by a strong native contingent—of which Colonel Arthur Wellesley had command. A brilliant and decisive battle at Malavelly followed, Tippoo being defeated. Then the great city of Seringapatam was besieged and taken by storm—the Sultan being among the slain.

In this, his first campaign, the colonel proved his good, qualities. The flighting was been and

In this, his first campaign, the coloner proved his good qualities. The fighting was keen, and the generalship on both sides admirable. Sir Arthur was made Major-General and governor of the captured city and province (1799), and as such added measurably to his reputation in council-chamber and field.

In 1803 the great battle of Assave was fought.

In 1803 the great battle of Assaye was fought. With only eight thousand men Wellesley met, and, after a fierce combat, defeated the Indian army of thirty thousand under Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, taking ninety pieces of fine ar-tillery. This was rapidly succeeded by the siege and capture of several of the Indian stronglyand capture of several of the Indian strongly-fortified towns, and the war (called the "Mah-ratta War") was ended by treaties with the Ra-jah and Scindiah that reduced them to the trioutary of Great Britain.

butary of Great Britain.

He was voted a sword valued at a thousand pounds by the British citizens in Calcutta—received addresses, ovations and a most elegant service of plate, at Bombay, and held brilliant receptions at Madras and Seringapatam. Parliament voted him thanks, etc., etc. The war ended, he resigned his honorable offices and returned to England 1805—to enter upon that opposition to Napoleon and revolutionary France, which was to end in the great usurper's overwhich was to end in the great usurper's over-

Sir Arthur now served in Parliament, married, was chief secretary of Ireland, etc., etc., but went in the expedition against Copenhagen (1807)—where he routed the Danes. In 1808 he was made lieutenant-general, and given command of the army to drive the French out of Spain and Portugal, but, in the very midst of a campaign against Junot he outranked Sir Harry Burrard, and a terrible mess was made of the whole affair. Instead of Junot being destroyed an "arrangement" was made, whereby he and all his army were actually sent. in En-

stroyed an "arrangement" was made, whereby he and all his army were actually sent, in English transports, to a French port!

This ultimately resulted in giving Sir Arthur supreme command in Portugal. Marshal Soult was then in Oporto. Thither Wellesley marched, three his forces suddenly over the swift Douro and obtained a prime position in the face of Soult's guns. Soult fled, to avoid the combinations against him. Then Wellesley turned against Marshal Victor, coming in from Spain to help Soult; but Victor retired. Wellesley then marched to a junction with the Spanish forces, gathered to drive the French from Spain. The junction was made, and the battle of Talavera fought, almost wholly by the English, as the Spaniards would not act under an Englishman's

orders, even though he came to save them. So Wellesley, with twenty-two thousand English and Portuguese, found himself face to face with fifty thousand French—all veterans, under Joseph Buonaparte and Marshals Victor and Jourdain. The conflict was one of skill and tenacious courage. The French were defeated—wholly through Wellesley's superb mastery. These brilliant successes and admirable generalship awakened enthusiasm at home. The successful captain was created Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera. Additional troops were sent him, and the eyes of Europe were directed toward his movements. These defeats constrained Napoleon to concentrate his corps against a general whose true

These defeats constrained Napoleon to concentrate his corps against a general whose true character he now began to understand. These combined forces came in upon Wellesley—now Wellington—who, finding his Spanish allies of small value, retired into Portugal. There, admirably sustained by the intelligent and brave Portuguese, he threw up, with amazing rapidity, a double line of intrenched positions along the Torres Vedras, to protect Lisbon—the outer line twenty-nine miles long, and the inner twenty-four miles—a stupendous series of fortifications. Marshal Massena, after important successes, came down upon these works with seventy thousand men under Ney, Junot and Regnier, but was so roughly received that he had to make a sullen retreat. Wellington at once became the assailant.

assailant.

The recovery of Spain was now his purpose—
a gigantic undertaking, seeing that four full
army corps were available against his meager
divisions. He laid siege to Almieda and Badajoz. Massena, reinforced, came back, and after
a severe struggle at Almieda was once more
forced to retreat. Then Massena was recalled;
Napoleon could not afford such ill-success. Marshal Mormont, with Soult's help, was ordered to
drive Wellington from Spain, and if possible to
destroy his army utterly.

shal Mormont, with Soult's help, was ordered to drive Wellington from Spain, and if possible to destroy his army utterly.

These movements once more put the English general on the defensive. He retired from before Badajoz to a strong position within the Portuguese frontier. The French now had to separate. The country could not sustain such an army, and supplies could not be had: so, as soon as they had retired from their advance, Wellington pushed into Spain again. By the middle of September, 1811, his operations against Cuidad Rodrigo were so menacing that Marmont hastened there with sixty thousand men, and Wellington slipped away over the Coa. Marmont now awaited reinforcements to push his antagonist back upon Lisbon; but Wellington's factivity cut those reinforcements to pieces, and with quick audacity he pounced down upon Cuidad Rodrigo again. He invested it January 8th, and on the 19th (1812) carried it by storm—four days before Marmont could come up from Salamanca, whither he had been compelled to retire.

retire.
Giving Rodrigo into Spanish keeping, he suddenly enveloped before Badajoz (March 16th) and in twenty days had possession of that great fortress, after two bloody repulses (April 6th, 1812).
These two magnificent successes were won at heavy loss of life, but effected the purpose of forcing the French back upon their main positions.

forcing the French back upon their main positions.

Then ensued a movement on Salamanca—Marmont's headquarters—and the two armies were face to face before the famous old city. The generals manuevered incessantly. Wellington was wily, because much weaker than Marmont. To pass between Wellington and Cuidad Rodrigo, the French moved around the English right. News of this movement was brought to Wellington when he was at dinner. He sprung to his feet so suddenly as to overturn the table. "Marmont's good genius has forsaken him?" exclaimed the general, and, mounting his horse, he ordered the whole strength of his army to be thrown upon the now weakened point. He literally doubled up their right on their left. The French were defeated almost before they knew it, and only night saved Marmont's whole army from destruction or capture. (July 21st,

ing them; they retreated, much confused by Wellington's numerous and surprising movements. Burgos Castle they blew up and abandoned, expecting to retire to impregnable positions over the river Ebro, but Wellington was there already!

there already!
Thus baffled, the French had to run or fight. desolved to fight, they went into position near littoria. A brilliant battle ensued, but was so skillfully managed that the French were beaten at every point. Then Vittoria was defended, with desperate tenacity, but to stay there was to lose all; so Joseph and his marshal retreated by the only open route to the French frontier, to be closely pursued by their relentless antago-nist.

nist.
Old Soult, with Napoleon in his awful old Soult, with Napoleon in his awful straits in Germany, was sent to Spain to try and stay the British advances, which now threatened France itself. Wellington was gazetted Field Marshal, July 31st. This made him no more ardent in the pursuit, but gave the French a double assurance that the English meant hot work; and hot work Soult found it.

The French again defeated (July 32th) without the stay of the stay

meant hot work; and hot work Soult found it.
The French, again defeated, (July 28th), retired
into France. Aug. 2d Wellington occupied the
passes in the Pyrenees, after some very sharp
fighting. San Sebastian was taken Aug. 31st,
and severe contests occurred at two other
points. The castle of San Sebastian capitulated. points, The Sept. 8th. Sept. 8th. The caste of san Sepastian capitulated Sept. 8th. The storming of that fortress was one of appalling heroism and sacrifice. Napier's picture of the struggle is one of the finest of all his brilliant record of those splendid campaigns of the Lyan Duke.

of the Iron Duke.

Wellington entered France Oct. 7th, and Pampaluna surrendered Oct. 31st. Nov. 10th the whole allied army passed the Nivelles, after a sanguinary combat. The Nive was crossed Dec. 7th. Dec. 10th and 13th Soult attacked, but was defeated. Wellington pressed on—passed the Adour and fought the battle of Orther Dec. 27th thez, Dec. 27th.

thez, Dec. 27th.

After which came the restoration—the virtual dethronement of Napoleon, and the instation of the Bourbons. But, Old Soult did not give up—so the terrible battle of Toulouse was fought April 12th, 1814, and the most devoted of Napoleon's energy by the control of the control

April 12th, 1814, and the most devoted of Napoleon's generals was defeated.

And that ended the struggle. Wellington had fought his way through from Lisbon to the Garonne, and the disasters he forced upon the French arms, added to Napoleon's enforced retreat from Moscow, ended the emperor's reign, and sent him an exile to Elba.

Wellington's return to England, after his five years' absence, was an event whose incidents it is quite impossible to here narrate. Such marks of respect paid and such enthusiasm of all classes

He went as ambassador to Paris, and to Vienna as Plenipotentiary to the Congress of the Allied Powers to reorganize for the peace of Europe. While that Congress was in session news came of Napoleon's sudden reappearance in France—of the old army flocking to his standard—of the flight of the king to Ghent, etc. The Congress at once passed a declaration of outlawry against him and elected Wellington Commander-in-chief of the Allied army. In April (1815) the Duke was in Brussels, organizing for the impending conflict. Napoleon, confident of a victory that would crush his most dangerous antagonist, let him gather his army unopposed. It was composed of forty thousand English and Hanoverians and thirty-six thousand Germans and Belgians. An additional army of eighty thousand Prussians was gathered at Namur under old Blucher. Napoleon had about one hundred and twenty thousand—mostly veterans.

Blucher began his move to join Wellington, when Napoleon confronted him, June 16th, at Ligny, and broke his lines, but the "old Dutchman" retreated in good order to Wavre. On the same day Ney attacked Wellington at Quatre Bras, but failed to carry his position. Then Wellington, hearing of Blucher's retrogade, moved backward to a position facing the village of Waterloo.

Leaving a corps to watch Blucher, Napoleon turned his personal attention upon Wellington and made an impetuous attack, about noon of June 18th. This and succeding attacks were withstood, and the central position of Wellington, at Hougoumont, was held firmly. The French fire of artillery was of terrible severity, and by their solid column assaults they confidently expected to break Wellington's ranks. Once those compact squares were broken, the French cavalry, and the famous Old Guard in reserve, would make the break a rout and a victory.

But the English and Germans were a very wall of adamant: they never wavered. The

But the English and Germans were a very But the English and Germans were a very wall of adamant; they never wavered. The Hanoverians lost their position about seven o'clock, just as Blucher's guns were heard in the distance. Napoleon must strike then his heaviest blow or all was lost. Calling up the Old Guard, he sent it in to turn Wellington's right center. The charge was magnificently made, but, like every other charge, was unable to break the living wall.

The Guard became confused and demoralized by the dreadful carnage. This was Wellington's propitious moment. He advanced his whole line, in solid columns, sweeping everything before him. Napoleon's line was struck, broken, and the day was lost to the "Man of Destiny"—his star had gone down forever. Blucher coming up at this moment, was given the pursuit, that only ended in the quick disbandment of the whole French army.

Wellington's second return was one grand ovation. King and Parliament could bestow no more honors on him. Parliament, however, gave two hundred thousand pounds more for purchasing another estate. To Wellington's afher career as statesman and member of the varities in ministries we need not here advant. He was

purchasing another estate. To Wellington's af-her career as statesman and member of the vari-tus ministries we need not here advert. He was honesty itself—a cool, clear-headed, right-mind-ed man, and ever maintained an influence in Parliament and Cabinet that may well be char-acterized as supreme. He, however, was very careful in using that influence. He died in 1852, and was buried in St. Paul's cathedral, near the remains of the illustrious Admiral, Horatio Nelson, who added such glory to the English navy that it seemed fitting to bury the two great captains together, with a cathedral for their tomb.

Why, Mr. Levison, I mean Harry, of course I lo—like you! I always did, ever since I first knew you, years and yeers ago."

"When Will Willard won the prize all we fel-

lows were striving for! So you liked me then, Nellie, and you like me now? Then why won't you marry me? You've been a widow for three years now. Isn't that long enough to mourn the virtues of the departed?"

"You wicked man! As if three hundred years could ever teach me to forget poor dear

Her bright eyes reproved him sharply, and he

accepted with good grace.

"Granting the truth, Nellie, that your deceased husband was a good fellow and a loving partner, I still cannot see why you refuse me. That is the subject under consideration at present, Nellie! Why won't you marry me?"

Then Mrs. Willard's face grew a little paler, and her nlumn fair hands trembled.

Then Mrs. Willard's face grew a little paler, and her plump, fair hands trembled.

"Because, Harry, because Wilson Willard made me promise never to marry again."

"Stuff and nonsense! What if he did! A bad promise is better broken than kept."

Mrs. Willard twisted her ring uneasily, and looked at the illuminated wield of the stone.

"I know it is," she said, slowly, "but"—

Mr. Levison looked earnestly at her.

"Yes—'but' what, Nellief' In all respect I say it—poor Will is dead and gone, and you've been true to his memory all these long years, and what has he to do with you now?"

"I know," she said again, meditatively, "but

and what has he to do with you now?"

"I know," she said again, meditatively, "but
but, Harry, he made me solemnly promise
never to marry again under penalty of his everlasting displeasure. And—don't be angry with
me, Harry, will you? But I almost know he
would appear to me!"

The lovely blue eyes were lifted in such pite-

ous appeal to his, and the pretty little widow made such a nervous little nestling nearer to him, that it was the most human thing in the world for Mr. Levison to put his arm protectingly around her and assure her he was not angry

So you believe he would haunt you, Nellie, if you broke your promise? A sensible little woman like you to veritably believe in such superstitious fol-de-rol! And after having waited for rou ten years of your married life, and three rears of your widowhood, you condemn me to copelessness for the sake of such a chimera—for sake of such a shadow as your husband's

And Nellie looked imploringly at him again,

and her lips quivered, and the tears stood in great crystals on her long lashes.

"Oh, Harry, how cruel you are! You know! I love you better than all the world, only—I dare not marry again! Don't be angry—please don't be angry with me!"

And Mr. Levison looked down at her lovely face, and assured her he never could be angry with her, and then went away, heaping silent maledictions on the head of the defunct husband

maledictions on the head of the defunct husband who had been tyrant enough to burden his lovely young wife with such a promise.

The last sunset rays were flinging their golden and scarlet pennons on the pale, blue-gray sky when Mr. Levison opened the door of his cozy sitting-room, at home, to be met by the laughing face and gay welcome of a young gentleman, who had evidently been making himself at home while he waited.

"Heigho, Levison! Surprised to see me? How are you, old fellow—how are you?"

Mr. Levison stared a second, then greeted him

warmly.
""Fred Willard! Where, in the name of goodness, did you spring from? Why, I thought you were not to sail from England for a good six months yet. Old boy, bless you, I'm glad to see you, although, for the instant, I confess I was started—you are the living image of your brother Wilson. We've been discussing ghosts, you know—"

you know—"
Young Willard's eyes gleamed mischievously, as he interrupted irreverently.
"'We' is good, Lev. You mean my pretty little sister-in-law, of course! I know she religiously believes in 'em. I know I am impatient to see her—for the first time since Will's funeral."

funeral."

Mr. Levison had been looking thoughtfully at the embers glowing, like melted rubies, behind the silver bars of the grate; now he turned suddenly to Fred, and laid his hand persuasively on his shoulder.

"See here, Fred; you are a friend of mine, and I am about to put your friendship to the test. I want you to do me a very great favor, will you?"

will you?"
Fred laughed.
"Will I? Of course I will. What's up?"
And Mr. Levison turned the keys of the doors, and the consultation lasted until the house-keeper rung the dinner-bell.
Five hours later the moon was just creeping over the tops of the trees, making a perfect flood of silver-gold glory on the quiet scene, and Mrs. Willard, with a fleecy white zephyr shawl and her crepe brown hair, was standing at the kitchen door, on her return from a tour of inspection to the snug little barn and carriage-house, which she had personally seen was secure for the night ever since her husband's death.

Her cheeks were flushed to the tint of an oleander flower by the keen kiss of the frosty air, and her eyes wer eglowing like blue fires as she

ander flower by the keen kiss of the frosty air, and her eyes wer eglowing like blue fires as she stood there one moment in the broad band of white moonlight that lay athwart the floor like a silent blessing. Then, with a little involuntary exclamation at the perfect beauty of the night, she went in, locked the door after her, for her three servants were all retired for the night, and then gave a little shriek, for, standing in the self-same accustomed place he was wont to occupy, and looking as natural as if it were himself in the flesh, was her husband. She stifled her shriek, and tried bravely to feel brave, but her heart was tearing around very undisciplinedly as she realized that she was looking upon a bona fide ghost—a veritable inhabitant of the land of eternal shadows.

"Will!" she said, faintly, with her hand tight on the handle of the door. "Will, is it you?" His voice was precisely as it had been in the old days—mellow, musical, a little domineering—Will's, undeniably, unmistakably.

-Will's, undeniably, unmistakably.
"Who should it be but I, Nellie, and come on who should it be but I, Nellie, and come on purpose to communicate with you."
"Yes?" she gasped; "but what for? I have tried—I have done everything that I thought you would wish. There is nothing wrang, will?"

will?"

The pale, moonlighted face, the speckless black wit, the spotless linen, the very same in which he had been buried, the low, familiar voice—it austrized as supreme. He, however, was very careful in using that influence.

He died in 1852, and was buried in St. Paul's cathedral, near the remains of the illustrious. Admiral, Horatio Nelson, who added such glory to the English navy that it seemed fitting to bury the two great captains together, with a cathedral for their tomb.

HOW She Came to Have Him.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"So you won't marry me?"

Pretty little Mrs. Nellie? You are sure you won't marry me?"

Pretty little Mrs. Nellie Willard looked meditatively out of the window into the quiet village street, as if among the leafless trees and on the frost-bound landscape she should find the answer to Horace Levison's question.

Then, after a moment, she turned her face toward him—a face as fresh and fair in its peachy bloom as many a young girl's ten years her junior.

"I—I am—afraid I can't, Mr. Levison."

You would wish. There is nothing wrong, will!"

The pale, moonlighted face, the speckless black suit, the spotless linen, the very same in which he had been buried, the low, familiar voice—it suit, the spotless linen, the very same in which he had been buried, will list on the voir, and when the case, the speckless black suit, the spotless linen, the very same in which he had been buried, will list on the voir, and industricus and when the case, the speckless black suit, the spotless linen, the very same in which he had been buried, the low, familiar voice—it austrationally comments and contact of the door-knob, she stood her ground, and listened.

Nothing is wrong with you, Nellie, but with me. I can't rest in my grave knowing the wrong I unintentionally committed in binding you to perpetual widowhood for my sake. I come to revoke my decision, to give you my full permission to marry again, and my advice to marry again, and my advice to marry again, and see if it is near the stroke of twelve."

Go

hysterically, until her over-wrought nerves found relief in sleep.

The next day Mr. Levison sent a little note

nior.

"I—I am—afraid I can't, Mr. Levison,"

Mr. Levison looked her straight in her bright blue eyes—such lovely blue eyes, soft as velvet, and the color of a violet that has bloomed in the shade.

"I—I am—afraid I can't, Mr. Levison," over, apologizing for his seeming discourtesy in not coming to bid her good-by on his sudden departure for an indefinite time, and telling her that her cruel decision never to marry again had been the cause of it, and that they might

that her cruel decision never to marry again had been the cause of it, and that they might never meet again, etc., etc.

If you wish to learn German, never commence with the German flute! Boarding-houses have been broken up, and back-stair lodgers blown to pale shadows, through this melancholy instrument.

There is said to be a benevolent gentleman in to come over to lunch, to see her, and meet her brother-in-law, who had only just arrived from

brother-in-law, who had only just arrived from Of course Mr. Levison came, and it didn't take two minutes to settle it, nor did he laugh at her when she solemnly related her experience

of the night before.
"For it was his ghost, Harry, just as true as I am alive and speaking to you!"
"A jolly old—I mean, a thoughtful, painstaking spirit, Nellie! Bless his ghostship, we'll hold him in eternal remembrance."

Nor did his countenance change a feature, yen when he and Nellie and Fred Willard dis-ussed the marvelously obliging kindness of the

departed.

Nor did pretty, blooming, blushing Mrs.

Nor did pretty, blooming, blushing Mrs. Nellie ever for a moment dream that her visitant was Fred himself, assisted by a wig and false whiskers—nor was there any need she should know, for her happiness was secured, her conceince at each

Topics of the Time.

-By statistics it is shown that within the limits —By statistics it is shown that within the limits of the island of Java every year about three hundred people are eaten by carnivora, two hundred by the crocodiles, one hundred killed by the rhinoceros, five hundred killed by lightning, while one hundred die by snake bites, and a varying number by earthquakes and volcanic action.

-Silver in Nevada was first discovered very strangely. A woman picked up a stone to throw at her husband. It was so heavy that she examined it, and it proved to be a lump of silver; \$50,000,000 was the result of this to—the untry. The women must remember that ere is no silver in this State, so no experi-

-The Kahn of Khiva is a pleasant person of —The Kahn of Khiva is a pleasant person of about eight-and-twenty, with a merry twinkle in his eye, very unusual among Orientals. He dresses richly, and wears a black astrakhan hat of sugar-loaf shape. He is, upon occasion, hospitable and friendly; but he has vague notions about the world outside his own dominions. He asked Capt. Burnaby whether Englishmen and Carreng are of the same nation; and if the ermans are of the same nation; and if the ueen could have a subject's head cut off; and cuttered the remarkable statement that China belonged to England.

—In spite of the heat of politics and the stringency of the times, the South is making progress in manufacturing and industrial enterprise. A new cotton-mill, with 21,500 spindles, is nearly finished at Atlanta, Ga., and an immense mill at Nashville, Tenn., is employing an increased number of operatives. The development of manufactures in these States is slow but constant, and the successful operation of a cotton-mill near New Orleans strengthens the impression that that city may become an important manufacturing center. The intelligent planters and farmers of Northern Georgia and East Tennessee are availing themselves of Yankee inventive genius, and are introducing improved farm implements and machinery. These are the best signs of the times in the Southern States. -In spite of the heat of politics and the strin-

—A sturdy countryman named John Dunning lived with his family in a hut in the wilderness in Madison county, N. Y. One day lately he saw a bear passing his house, and set out in pursuit with a rifle and hunting-knife and his dog.

Night came on and he did not return. The following day passed, and yet he did not return. His wife, becoming alarmed at his absence, went to a neighboring settlement and enlisted the assistance of a couple of men, who plunged into the wilderness to discover the missing man. After a most fatiguing search, lasting several hours, they came upon the mangled remains of Dunning and his dog, while near him lay three dead panthers. Two of them bore marks of having been shot, while the mother met her death fighting Dunning, who had plunged his hunting-knife into her body.

—Thirty-eight years ago the 19th of Novem-

hunting-knife into her body.

—Thirty-eight years ago the 19th of November a terrible fire broke out at a convent school for young ladies in the town of Limoges. At the last moment it was perceived that one of the pensionnaires had been left in her room. There appeared to be no hope of saving her, when a handsome girl, with floating locks and disheveled array, rushed through the crowd, crying: "Let me do it.' She dashed into the flames, and reappeared, carrying the child. A few days afterward Louis Philippe sent the heroine a gold medal, and a captain in the French army who had witnessed her courage asked to be presented to her. That captain is now President of the French Empire, and the heroine is his wife.

—The Denver (Col.) Tribune has this story:

French Empire, and the heroine is his wife.

—The Denver (Col.) Tribune has this story:

"Twelve years ago a family moved from Illinois to this city. Soon after arriving here a daughter was born to the female head of the household, and being favorably impressed with the country and hopeful for the lookout, they named the youngster Great Prospects. Not long since another daughter was born, and a name was found in a singular manner. The names of Illinois and Colorado were reversed, and the little one is now doomed to go through the world as Sionilli Odaroloc. In the meantime, Great Prospects has grown to be of considerable size, and in this regard the family are probably realizing the faith implied by the naming. As yet, at least, there has appeared no cause for the reversal of the name, and she has only suffered by a diminution of her cognomen to the common word Specks."

Ripples.

A man in St. Louis fell down-stairs, and was supposed to be dead until it was found he was a book agent. He revived unhurt.

The bustling Burlington Hawkeye has been to church often enough to observe that "a woman seats herself in a pew in seven motions; a man with one."

An old edition of Morse's geography says:
"Albany has 400 dwelling-houses and 1,400 inhabitants, all standing with their gable-ends to the street."

Are blacksmiths, who make a living by forging, or carpenters, who do a little counter-fitting, any worse than men who sell iron and steel for a living?

"Suppose I should work myself up to the interrogation point?" said a beau to his sweetheart.
"I should respond with an exclamation," was the prompt reply.

"Why don't you literary men get rich?" asked a lady of a Bohemian. "I don't know," he replied, "unless it is that dollars and sense never go together."

A compositor, setting up a report of a horse-race, said the "fool-sellers were busy," instead of the "pool-sellers." But it did not alter the sense of the paragraph.

When a man has been hard at work in an obscure way for years, and at length achieves success, nine-tenths of his acquaintances insult him by offering congratulations on his "luck."

"Thomas, of what fruit is cider made?"
"Don't know, sir." "Why, what a stupid boy!
What did you get when you robbed Farmer
Jones' orchard?" "I got a thrashing, sir!"

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, on observing red-striped stockings on his heir, "why have you made barber's poles of our child's legs?" "Because he is a little shaver," was the

Cider plays a great part in a Norman wedding. A young girl is seated upon a full cask, and she must drink both the first and the last glass it contained in order to be married within

There is said to be a benevolent gentleman in Boston who gives 25 pents for religious purposes every time he swears. He has already sworn a new steeple on the Presbyterian Church, and is now engaged "cussing" up a gift to the Home Missionary Society.

"The Saturday Journal is now the Leading Literary Paper of New York,"—Examiner.

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brie, Maro O. Rolfe, Harriet E. Warner, A. W. Belaw, etc.. etc.
With such writers a Good Paper, a Strong Paper
a Paper Desirable to every Home, Fireside and
General Reader, is a matter of course, and when it
is added that publishers, editors and department
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